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HANGED HERSELF IN ATTIC OF HER HOME.

Mrs. M. E. Richmond Took Her Own Life Last Wednesday.

BODY FOUND THURSDAY EVENING.

Driven to Desperation by Trouble, Worry and Loneliness This Most Estimable Woman Makes All Preparations and Ends Her Earthly Troubles—A Tribute to Her Memory—Funeral Held Saturday Morning.

This community was astounded last Thursday evening when it became known that the body of Mrs. M. E. Richmond had been found that evening, hanging from a rafter in the attic of her beautiful little home, and that every bit of evidence tended to show that her death had been caused by her own hands.

Late Thursday afternoon Mrs. Sarah Richmond, who lives next door, noticed that there had been no signs of anyone about the house on Thursday, although she noticed on Wednesday morning that the curtain which had been used for some time as a signal that she was all right had been raised and had not been lowered Wednesday night as was the custom. This somewhat alarmed Mrs. Sarah Richmond, and after telephoning to a number of places in town and to Mrs. Douglass of Bradford, whom the deceased often visited, she became so alarmed that she told several of her neighbors that she was afraid something had gone amiss and advised an investigation.

Acting upon her suggestion, Dr. H. L. McCoy, George W. Mitchell and Ed. Studholme forced an entrance and started a search, the burning gas in the stoves and the general condition of the house indicating that she was within. After glancing into the rooms on the first floor they procured a light and went to the second floor, a part of which is an unfinished attic. There they were horrified to find her lifeless body hanging from a rafter. She had used a doubled clothesline, tying a noose in one end and the other end was run over a rafter and back near the floor where it was fastened. Standing on a chair she had placed a cloth about her neck and along the side of her face where the knot would come, and after placing the noose about her neck, had kicked the chair from under her. She evidently strangled to death as her neck did not appear to be broken. When found her feet just touched the floor but most of her weight was borne by the rope, which had probably stretched after she had expired. Her outer garments consisted of a bath-robe and house shoes, showing that she had not fully dressed on the morning before taking her life. From the condition of the body and other circumstances, Dr. McCoy was of the opinion that she had hanged herself before noon on Wednesday.

A search of the house after her body was found revealed the fact that she had carefully made preparations for the step she was about to take. A piece of crepe was tied to a door knob so that a person looking into the west window could easily see it. Pinned to the casing of her bedroom door was a large sealed envelope upon which, in her handwriting were, the following directions:

"Call D. C. Young immediately.

"Give him this.

"Lock the doors and exclude curious gazers.

"Admit only those who are needed" and on a dresser was found an envelope addressed to "Angelia Coleman or Helen Cowles Crocker." The house was in perfect order, with the exception of her bed which she had not made up after lying in it.

In the large envelope addressed to Mr. Young were other smaller envelopes unsealed and marked in her handwriting as follows: "D. C. Young, No. 1." "D. C. Young, No. 2." "D. C. Young, No. 3," and another directed as follows: "Send for Mrs. Martha Chadwick. I am forced, I am impelled, I am driven to take this step. I must."

The letter No. 1, directed to Mr. Young, in her hand writing, reads as follows:

"Mr. D. C. Young.

Friend Client:

I appeal to you for assistance as administrator of my estate, and if there is any power at this late hour, whereby my wishes can be carried out, I admonish you to use that power. Say to all who would object to it and try to interfere in its division that God's blessing can never rest upon them if they do. It is my undisputed right. To Mrs. Martha Chadwick I give my house and lot, with contents; subject to my written request to her, which she will see is carried out.

I request you, as above, to work in the settlement of my estate, in conjunction with Mrs. Chadwick, as far as necessary and satisfactory. The accompanying envelope to you is for you also, with legal matters involved, which I have asked you to show John E. Mullin as you will see, as assistant in settlement. * * * * I trust that my last wishes will be carried out and gratified. May He whose love and mercy I crave, guide you all.

MARY E. RICHMOND."

In the No. 2 and No. 3 letters to Mr. Young she gives a detailed account of her business affairs and personal matters which were evidently not intended for the public. In this letter she states how she wishes to have some of her personal property distributed after litigation is settled and the debts paid.

In the envelope on which is the direction to send for Mrs. Martha Cady, beside those of her father, mother, sisters and husband.

In the envelope on which is the direction to send for Mrs. Martha Chadwick was enclosed a check on the Grange bank for $7.00 to Martha Chadwick, signed by Mary E. Richmond, a ten dollar bill and in her hand writing the following:

"Dear Martha:

"I cannot write messages to all I wish to so will say what I can to you, knowing you will throw the mantle of charity over this to you terrible step. If you could see the way before me as I do, you would not wonder that I could not face the years of torture most clearly marked out and inevitable. Nor that I trust in the mercy of a loving Father who knows all about me and my crushing burdens; known how long I have borne them and what they were bringing me to. Do not shrink from thinking of me kindly as of old, nor from the enjoyment or comfort I had before this, fully intended to leave to you. If I had felt it possible to arrange before. I do hope and pray that everybody will let you alone in the full possession of what I wish you to have. Here she makes suggestions as to giving some of her keepsakes, clothing, etc., to friends and needy people about town.) If there can be $100.00 left from anything, I would be glad to have it sent to The Temple in Chicago to help pay for it, and my name on the Penny tablet in the entrance to Willard Hall. If not that amount, send as much as you can for the Temple.

My watch send to Mrs. Bonne of Elmira. My sapphire ring to Mrs. Nett Douglas of Bradford, as it was given me by Mrs. Kittredge. My diamond ring send to Helen Cowles Crocker, as it was Emma Backus's and on her account, if not mine, I trust it will be acceptable. My pin with the little diamond, send to my cousin, Minnie Nash, Bird School, DesMoines, Iowa. Also the pictures over the sofa in the sitting room. Oh if I could have arranged all my affairs before, as I would if I could.

The check to the W. C. T. U. is to adjust matters in treasury. * * * * * Do not let the Union die, and do keep up the work at the jail. I have tried so hard for weeks to keep above these torturing agonies. I have forced myself to make calls; gone out to different places with others, suffering tortures greatly and agonies when alone. Oh, if I could spare you all this terrible shock, but if you could know you would know how much more terrible would be the inevitable result very soon if I do not. I have prayed the One who knows constantly, to spare me, to lift me out and hold me up, but He has not; He knows why, and in his keeping I commend my soul, and plead His mercy and pardon. Remember me as kindly as possible, do not blame me I have been driven to take the step because of the terrible fate before me, that was inevitable. Would that I might have escaped it, but I could not.

With love and asking God's blessing.

This bill is for yourself. I have asked Mr. Young to supply you.

M. E. RICHMOND."

There was also in the large envelope a sheet of paper in her handwriting as follows:

"To all who can remember me with sympathy, charity and pity:

(Continued on last page.)

A GOOD WOMAN GONE.

Mrs. Emil Thamm Passed Away Last Thursday Morning.

Mrs. Emil Thamm, one of Smethport's old and well-known residents, died at her home on Mechanic street, this borough, at 7:30 o'clock on Thursday morning, October 28, 1909, after a lingering illness due to a general breaking down in health, aged nearly 73 years.

The subject of this sketch, Miss Elmina Wolfers, was born in Minden, Kingdom of Prussia, on January 6th, 1837, and moved to America with her parents when she was six years old. On January 26th, 1860, she was united in marriage to Emil Thamm in New York and they resided in that city until 1880, when they moved with their children to Smethport, where they have resided ever since.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thamm were born four children, three of whom survive with their aged father to mourn the loss of a devoted and loving wife and a kind and affectionate mother. The surviving children are Mrs. C. J. Thamm of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. John J. Summersgill of this place and Arthur M. Thamm of Bradford. She is also survived by one brother, O. W. Wolfers of Dakota, and four sisters, namely: Mrs. Louis Nesmith of Saginaw, Mich., Mrs. S. G. Bush of this place, Mrs. Jermiah Stewart and Mrs. T. V. Powell of Ridgway.

Mrs. Thamm was a devout member of St. Luke's Episcopal church and lived her life in accordance with its teachings. She was a good wife and neighbor and her simple, honest mode of life, coupled with a kind, loving, forgiving disposition won her many friends among all who knew her. In times of trouble and adversity she was always patient, putting her trust in God, with the faith and simplicity of the true Christian that she was.

The funeral services were held at the home on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church, officiating, and her remains were laid to rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

"Out in Idaho."

"I only knew," said a gentleman returning to his home after witnessing Frederick N. Bruah's production of "Out in Idaho," "that I've enjoyed myself immensely; the play was not what I expected to see." "What was there good about it?" asked his friend. "Well, it was just natural, that's all. Some of the characters made me think of people I've known and their pleasures and sorrows made me glad and happy in turn." "Out in Idaho" will appear at the Smethport Lyceum tomorrow (Friday) evening, with Miss Dorothy Kurtis as "Little Bess."

"Out in Idaho" is a real American play with a life giving heart interest it has action—plenty of it—made all the more natural because it is possible and probable. To be trite, it is a true bit of the old West set upon the stage for your delectation. No play since "Arizona" has made the unqualified success in the West that "Out in Idaho" has. The western people love their country and are the first ones to praise or condemn a western play.

TENDERED SURPRISE.

Estimable Lady Passes Eve of 68th Birthday in Company of Many Friends.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church, tendered Mrs. Jas. McKean a surprise at her home on East Main street, Tuesday evening, the occasion being that estimable lady's sixty-eighth birthday anniversary. Cards and other games were enjoyed and fine refreshments were served. Mrs. McKean was presented with a handsome token of friendship by the ladies of the Aid Society. During the evening the Odd Fellows' band visited the home and rendered several selections. After a most enjoyable time the guests departed and Mrs. McKean was the happy recipient of many congratulations and well wishes. It is the hope of the entire community that the life of this beloved lady may be spared for many more years of usefulness.

Scrap Iron.

Write Kittredge Company, Tunkhannock, Penna. They buy old stoves, mowing machines, furnaces, saw mills, etc., in any quantity and pay big prices. Buyers wanted.

Send in your order stor fine white, yellow, pink or lavender Chrysanthemums and other cut flowers, design work or potted plants to the Port Allegany Greenhouses, Port Allegany, Pa.

Boys Wanted

at the Berney-Bond bottle factory.

THEY STRUCK OIL IN QUANTITY THAT SURPRISED.

The Surprise Oil Co. Drilled in Their No. 7 Well Yesterday.

WELL GOOD FOR 40 OR 50 BARRELS.

Oil Was First Struck Last Thursday—Flowed on Being Drilled In—Sand Reached at 1267 Feet—Located on County Farm Lease.

On last Thursday afternoon a well was drilled in on the lease of the Surprise Oil Co., on the County Farm, this borough, that promises to be one of the biggest yet struck in this vicinity. The well is the No. 7 of the company and is located below the old B, B. & K. right of way on the hill back of the County Home buildings and is about 200 feet east and down the hill from the No. 5 well recently drilled in on the Surprise Co.'s lease.

Drilling was started on this well two weeks ago and sand was struck last Thursday at just about dusk, at a depth of about 1267 feet. The well gave all indications of being a big producer when the sand was first reached and drilling was at once stopped owing to a lack of tankage room on the lease. A tank was constructed and the well was drilled through the sand yesterday afternoon. About 20 or 21 feet of fine oil bearing sand was encountered. In being drilled in the well flowed considerably and from the time the sand was first touched last Thursday up until being drilled in yesterday, much oil accumulated in the hole. Not much of an idea can be had at present of what the well will really do, but a very conservative estimate puts it good for at least 40 or 50 barrels per day. John Bahun of Bradford, Supt. of the National Transit Co., was present when drilling was finished off yesterday and is reported to have been more than favorably impressed by the showing made.

This again adds stimulus to the idea that there is oil in paying quantities west of [illegible] borough and although most of the wells put down by other companies in that vicinity, this summer, have been worthless, the Surprise Co. has now got drilled in a well on the County Farm that has not been a paying one. It does not seem possible that the Surprise Co. are the only ones who can find oil on that the County Farm is the only place in this vicinity where oil can be found in more than paying quantities. From the present outlook it appears that the local field is a most eccentric one and may well be classed as a freak.

The Surprise Co., which consists of Wm. Bingerford and M. W. Helmlein of this borough, and Nellis, Hyatt & Perry, the well known drilling contractors, who do the drilling on all the wells of the company, are to be congratulated on this new acquisition to their extensive oil production in the local field.

The well will be shot at 2 o'clock this afternoon and this operation will probably be witnessed by many.

The Surprise Co. expects to start drilling next week on their No. 8 well, which is located near the Shawmut railroad in the rear of the County Farm buildings.

Institute Entertainment Tickets.

Smethport Lyceum, Nov. 8-12.

The price for single admission will be:

Monday night, Lecture, "The Humanity of Lincoln," Dr. S. D. Fess, 50c; pupils, 25c.

Tuesday night, Dunbar Male Quartet and Bell Ringers, 75c; pupils, 50c.

Wednesday night, H. S. Concert, Kane vs. Mt. Jewett, 40c; pupils, 25c.

Thursday night, Sterling Jubilee Singers, 60c; pupils, 40c.

Course tickets for the four nights, $1.50; pupils, $1.00.

The above prices include reserved seat.

On sale at all Smethport drug stores

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the McKean County Fair Association will be held in the parlors of the Smethport Fire Department on Thursday, November 18, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and transacting such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

H. W. HILTON,
President.

Dated, Smethport, Penn'a, October 19, 1909.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Tomorrow (Friday) evening will be an evening at home for the members and friends of the Methodist Episcopal church. This is intended to be an evening when all who belong to the church or who are attendants of the services of the church or who are connected with any of the various organizations of the church, shall come together for the purpose of social and religious fellowship. So far as it is possible to do so it is desred that all the members of the families connected with the church shall be present on this occasion, as this is to be for the benefit of every person, young or old, who is in any way connected with the work of the church. From six until 7:30 supper will be served in the chapel, for this there will be a charge of twenty-five cents and the proceeds will go into the funds of the church. After the supper hour is over there will be several short addresses, interspersed with music, both instrumental and vocal, and the last address of the evening will be given by the Rev. C. W. Winchester, D. D. The following is the program for the evening.

Introductory Words ..... W. A. Harris.
Twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer.
Singing Faith of Our Fathers.
The Sunday School .... Sanford L. Fry
Male Quartet .....
The Finances of a Church .....
..... Prof. D. S. Hoyle
The Epworth League .....
..... W. A. Anderter
Solo ..... Mrs. Stobenrauch
The Ladies' Aid Society .....
..... Mrs. Brownell
Reading ..... Edna Freeman
Solo ..... Miss Flossie Freeman
Address. Rev. C. W. Winchester, D. D
Solo ..... Mrs. John Chapman

AUTO DRIVER HELD.

Harry L. Sillman, Who Run Over and Killed a Child, Is Held in $5,000 Bail.

As a result of the accident near Dagus Mines Friday afternoon whereby the five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Bauer was run down and killed by an automobile in charge of Chauffeur Harry L. Sillman, the latter was held, in the sum of $5,000 bail for a further hearing Saturday, by Justice of the Peace John Beveridge of Kersey. The next hearing is scheduled to take place in the Justice's office on Wednesday, and will prove of more than ordinary interest, not only because a person was killed, but for the further reason that it is the first case of the kind to have occurred in Elk county.

At the hearing there was no evidence announced to show that the car was running at a dangerous speed, but on the contrary it was shown by the defense that their machine was traveling along slowly. In order to give the prosecution an opportunity to submit its evidence the case was continued by Justice Beveridge until Wednesday.—Ridgway Record.

Harry Sillman, who met with the above unfortunate accident, is a well-known and popular young man of St. Marys and has visited Smethport many times. He has a host of friends here who hope that he will be found entirely blameless in this most deployable accident.

Joslin-Stroupt Nuptials.

Saturday Evening at seven o'clock, unknown to the most of their friends and relatives, Lewis Joslin and Miss Cora Stroupt, daughter of Robert Stroupt and wife, quietly went to the home of Rev. Stanley Stewart who performed the ceremony which makes their path through life's joys and sorrows one. They were accompanied by Miss Celia Kelly and Ed. StPetre. They will make their home for the present with the bride's parents.

The bride is one of Coudersport's most popular young ladies, being a graduate of Coudersport's high school class, 1907; and also a graduate of the Lock Haven Normal School, class 1909. At present she has charge of the South Hill school, and will complete the year.

The groom is a very industrious young man, a glass worker by trade. He will go to West Virginia in about ten days where he has a position for the winter.—Coudersport Democrat.

Lewis' many friends here will unite with the Miner in extending congratulations.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

IMPORTANT BUSINESS DEAL.

Means Brothers Purchased Hardware Store of John C. Hamlin in This Borough.

On last Friday a deal was consummated in this borough whereby Ward Means of this place and his brother, Lon Means of Georgeville, Pa., came into possession of the hardware store and business of John C. Hamlin. Inventory of the extensive stock was started Saturday noon and was finished Monday night, the new firm taking possession of the store Monday morning.

This deal came as a surprise to everyone, as, while it was generally understood that Mr. Hamlin was desirous of retiring from active business affairs, it was not known that a change was to be made so suddenly. In fact it is understood that the purchase was planned and carried out by the new firm in a day and a half. The purchase price has not, up to the present time, been made public, but will undoubtedly represent a large amount, as this is one of the most extensively stocked hardware stores in this section of the State.

Ward Means will conduct the store, having given up his position as conductor on the Kushequa route, and his brother Lon will be move from Georgeville to Smethport later.

The hardware store of John C. Hamlin is one of the oldest and most reliable in McKean county and Mr. Hamlin is one of the county's oldest and most reliable business men. For in the neighborhood of 25 years Mr. Hamlin conducted this business on firm business principles and made it one of the foremost in this section. For a number of years Mr. Hamlin conducted his business on the corner of Church and Main streets, where St. Luke's church now stands. About 20 years ago he moved his stock into the Hamlin block on Main street, where it has remained since. Failing health is the cause of Mr. Hamlin's giving up his business career.

While the Miner regrets to record the retirement of this sterling business man, it takes great pleasure in greeting the new firm. Mr. Ward Means has resided in this place for several years past and he and his family have made hosts of friends during their sojourn here, who will delight with this paper in seeing him enter the ranks of Smethport's business men. Both he and his brother are progressive business men and the firm of Means Brothers, it is safe to say, will conduct this old established business on the same sound business principles as hitherto.

A Complete Dental Establishment.

The writer was more than agreeably surprised Tuesday evening on visiting the new office of Dr. F. C. Pierce on the second floor of the Anderson & Carlson block on Main street, to note the manner in which the well-known dental surgeon has prepared to meet the many who visit his establishment. The office occupies a large room in the front of the building, and is brightly lighted by a large double window in front and also a large window on the east side. The doctor has installed a new Betts white enamel pedal lever chair, which is one of the best and latest improved models manufactured, being equipped with a fountain cuspidor and compressed air attachments to greater facilitate dental work. A large new cabinet has been put in which is handily arranged as a receptacle for the doctor's tools and accessories, giving him easy access to any particular thing while at work, and also a new work bench which is perfectly equipped to perform the function for which it is intended. With the exception of a few minor tools which were saved from the late fire the appliances are all new and up-to-date. The office is handsomely furnished and room and contents have been specially arranged to be made as cheerful and compact as possible. Dr. Pierce is one of the best known and most reliable dentists in this section whose services are always in demand and now has one of the best equipped establishments in Northwestern Pennsylvania, which makes him better prepared than ever to meet callers. Dr. and Mrs. Pierce are occupying the balance of the rooms on the second floor with their household effects, and have now got nicely settled in their cozy quarters.

BOX BALL PARLORS.

High Score For Week.

Oct. 27, C. W. Freeman	169
Oct. 28, C. W. Freeman	153
Oct. 29, S. M. Phillips	156
Oct. 30, Ed. McKean	156
Nov. 1, F. M. Nichols	141
Nov. 2, W. G. Holder	147

CHARGED WITH THEFT

A Queer Trial In Which Was Used a Queer Defense.

SHIPPING A CASE OF GOLD

The Solution of the Difference in Weight of the Box at Cape Nome and at San Francisco—The Clever Move of an Astute Young Lawyer.

One of the most interesting trials that ever took place in any country was that of James Stevens in the California courts for theft. The circumstances were as follows:

There were four prospectors in the Klondike region when the gold fever there was at its height, among whom Stevens was one. They "struck it rich," divided up and started out for the United States. Just before leaving Stevens got into a faro game and lost everything he had. Winter was coming on and he bade fair to starve unless something was done for him. So the other three decided to pay him so much to guard their dust on the ship and pay his way home to San Francisco. They each had their share of dust and nuggets accurately weighed and then put them into a common pile, pending, of course, their reapportionment on reaching port.

This they placed in a strong box which they nailed up and sealed carefully. It was Stevens' duty to watch this by day and sleep by it by night until the destination was reached. There was exactly 200 pounds avoirdupois of the gold, sworn to by a regular weigher. It was worth a great deal of money.

Well, everything went along smoothly until San Francisco was reached. Stevens, seeing to appreciate what his former partners were doing for him and guarding his trust jealously. When the ship came into port the box was immediately removed, under the supervision of Stevens, to a place of perfect safety, so that each could take his share again and deduct so much for Stevens' pay.

It was found that instead of having the original gold as before there was now only a fraction over 598 pounds. The partners were loath to distrust Stevens and had it reweighed twice, but with the same result each time.

Reassured as they were of his guilt and having contemplated such ingratitude, they immediately swore out a warrant for his arrest. He all the time protested his innocence, but was not able to account for the loss.

The poor fellow was thrown into prison and held for trial. Not having any money or friends, he gave up all hope of being acquitted, as the circumstantial evidence seemed absolutely against him. A young lawyer was appointed by the court to defend him. This young man, Thaddeus Wayne by name, set to work on the seemingly hopeless job with great enthusiasm, as he had few clients anyhow and plenty of time.

The case was soon called and all the circumstantial evidence set forth. Wayne did not even question a witness.

When all the testimony was in Wayne requested the judge to allow him to qualify Samuel L. Johnson, teacher of physics in a high school, as an expert witness. The judge, not seeing any relation of physics to the facts, was about to refuse the young man when a peculiar glimmer in the latter's eye prompted him to humor the boy. Johnson was placed on the stand, and the following colloquy ensued:

"With what does physics deal?"

"With natural phenomena, or the changes in the state or condition of matter."

"Does the weight of a person change as he changes his location on the earth?"

"Yes."

"Just how does that happen, and how much does the weight change?"

"The weight of any body is greatest at the poles of the earth, as they are the nearest points to the center. It gets less and less the farther we travel toward the equator, for we go away from the center. This effect is enhanced by the rotation of the earth, bodies tending to fly off more at the equator than at the poles. The combination of these two makes a body weigh one two-hundred-and-eighty-ninth less at the equator than at the poles and a proportionate amount for distances between."

"About what fraction of its weight would a body lose in going from Cape Nome, Alaska, to San Francisco?"

"I should say about one in 800."

"Then gold weighing 600 pounds in Nome could not possibly weigh over 598 pounds here, could it?"

"It could not."

It is needless to say that Stevens was acquitted on this evidence. His former partners were so sorry of their recent suspicions and sought to make amends that they not only paid him the salary they had promised him, but set him up in business from their ample funds.

This fact is peculiar, but perfectly in accordance with the facts. It is recognized by the United States government. Everybody knows that it is said from Washington to New Orleans that a certain amount of weight is lost in the mere act of transit. So in order to get the same amount of metal in each coin compensating weights of those specially trained to be used at each mint are made. If the weights are made at San Francisco and sent to New Orleans they will run in weight and fineness on a pair of balances exactly as they left San Francisco.—Lawrence Hodges in Denver Times.

NOTED BY A TOURIST.

Some of the Queer Things That Were Observed Abroad.

About half one's time in traveling abroad is spent in buying stamps. No matter how many I put on a letter I had no faith to believe that it would reach America. I found that I could send a letter with one stamp on it if I paid enough for it, also that I could get a denomination of which it would take twenty. In Cairo I put fifteen sphinxes and pyramids on the front of a letter and five on the back. As for postal cards, imagine asking for one in the Bedouin language Werendpostvereenigung!

But it is in a Mohammedan country that an American mind needs readjustment. We woke one morning in Constantinople and found our calendar nine days ahead of theirs, our watches seven hours behind and the name of the month Ramadan. The Mohammedans seem to live up to their religion in a more definite way than we do, and we soon learned what to expect. The porter would drop one's trunk when the muezzin called to prayer. The sacredness of animal life compelled us to walk around the hundreds of lazy dogs asleep on the sidewalk. We were required to take off our shoes instead of our hats when entering a mosque. Women were not allowed to pray, because they "have no souls." Friday was the day for Sunday, and a camera was an "evil eye" and could not be carried into any sacred place. Our artist was once charged 20 cents extra for keeping an evil eye in his room all night.

Before the journey ends the tourist has lost his identity completely. At first he is from "Kalamazoo, Mich.," then from "Michigan," later "the United States," soon the "States," and the writer was once introduced to a gentleman from Tuscany as "the lady from North America."—Delineator Magazine.

THE KINGFISHER.

A Bird Whose Ways Are Most Difficult to Observe.

Perhaps there is nothing in nature more difficult to observe than the ways of the kingfisher. Any one may see one skimming down mid-stream or make a bee-line arrow flight from bank to bank under the bright June sunshine but to track him down to his secret, hidden haunt and watch him at work is a vastly more difficult thing.

You enter from the good-clad bread-and-butter path as into a cathedral aisle. The willows crowd down to the water's edge. In the green reeds a sedge bird is trilling. There is a low twittering song or nestlings all round you. And now, in the shadiest deep of the willow wood, a shrill, piping note cuts the silence, a flash of emerald passes, a kingfisher has gone by on his way to his favorite pool.

A common notion is that he sits perfectly still on some branch overhanging the water, a picture of crafty vigilance. But this is rarely if ever the case. The truth is, says a writer in the London Chronicle, that the kingfisher, like the master he is, sets about his work with an easy surety, almost a nonchalance. Peering down upon him warily through the screen of branches you would judge that the last thing in the world he was thinking about was the gilding brown water below him. He twirls round on his perch, making his vivid green and turquoise and amber plumage scintillate like a dewdrop in the one beam of sunlight that has found path out.

He preens his feathers, stretches a lazy wing now and again, looks about him with a casual eye, and then, as if it were the merest trifling detail in life, he suddenly points his two inch long fishing spear of a bill at the water beneath him, plunges and is gone.

The Withering Wind.

The name of harmattan has been given a periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic during the three months of December, January and February. It sets in with a fog or dry haze, which sometimes conceals the sun for whole weeks together. Every plant, every bit of grass and leaf in its course is withered as though it had been seared by heat from a furnace. Often within an hour after it begins to blow green grass is dry enough to burn like paper. Even the hardened natives lose all of the skin on exposed parts during the prevalence of this withering wind.

Painful Ailment.

Though gout is generally reckoned a disease of rich men and free livers, one of the worst of sufferers from it was a well known English minister who died not long ago.

A friend once said to him, "Dr. So-and-so, what is gout like?"

The clergyman smiled sadly. "If you put your hand in a vise," he said, "and let a man press as hard as he can, that is rheumatism, and if he can be got to press a little harder, that is gout."

Why He Came Back.

"Wasn't you here a few weeks ago?" asked the woman of the house at the back door.

"Yes'm," replied the wanderer, "but I understood from a gal that you've got a new pastry cook since then!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Surer Way.

"How can we interest her?"

"Tell her it's a worthy cause," suggested one.

"Tell her it's getting to be a popular fad," interposed a wiser head.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One of the luckiest things that can happen to a man is not to count on his luck.—New York Press.

F. A. GREEN

The Leading Miller.

Dealer in

Flour, Feed, Grain, Grass Seeds, Hay, Etc.
Poultry Supplies of all Kinds
Agent for Blachford's Calf Meal. Prices right.
GIVE ME A CALL.

F. A. GREEN

INSURANCE!

"IT is better to have IT, and not need IT, than to need IT, and not have IT"

Insure your life in the Equitable.

Insure your property in

C. A. BURDICK'S Insurance Agency.

Fire, Life, Accidental, Automobile, Boiler, Burglary, INSURANCE, and Surety bonds, placed in Reliable Companies.

Call, Telephone or Write.

C. A. BURDICK.

Bell 'Phone 18-B Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPEGHT & SASS
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

May Chadwick, Artist,

Has opened a studio in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, and is prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter.

Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

A Wedding Hint.

The lady was seated in some embarrassment.

"Haven't you any second quality shoes?" she said to the shoe clerk.

"But, miss," he remonstrated.

"No, no; you misunderstand," said she. "I don't mean to wear. I just mean old shoes, too worn for use, that customers have left with you. You see, there's a wedding up at our house tomorrow, and we want something to throw at the bride and bridegroom."

"I see," said the clerk.

He rummaged in a black hole and drew forth an assortment of dilapidated footwear. The girl selected some threes, two and ones.

"These will do. Thanks ever so much," she said, and so departed.

"Big footed people are always working that on us," said the clerk afterward. "That girl wears eights. She couldn't very well throw such mudscows at the bride, so she chose some little and dainty shoes here—ones and twos. Oh, yes, it's an old trick with the big footed."—Los Angeles Times.

The King of Rome.

To teach his son obedience to nursery rules Napoleon gave strict orders that he never be admitted to his apartments if he came thither alone. One morning the little king of Rome came trotting along the corridor and, looking up at the tall officer on guard, imperiously ordered: "Open the door for me. I want to see papa."

The officer, true to his instructions, answered gently, but firmly, "Sire, I cannot open the door to your majesty."

"Why not?" demanded the little autocrat. "I am the little king."

At the gentle reminder, "But your majesty is all alone," the golden haired cherub seemed somewhat nonplused, but, his governess appearing a moment later, he seized her hand and, thus protected, stamped his tiny foot and cried: "Open the door! The king wishes it!"

This time, all being in order, the tall officer flung the door wide open, solemnly announcing, "The king of Rome."

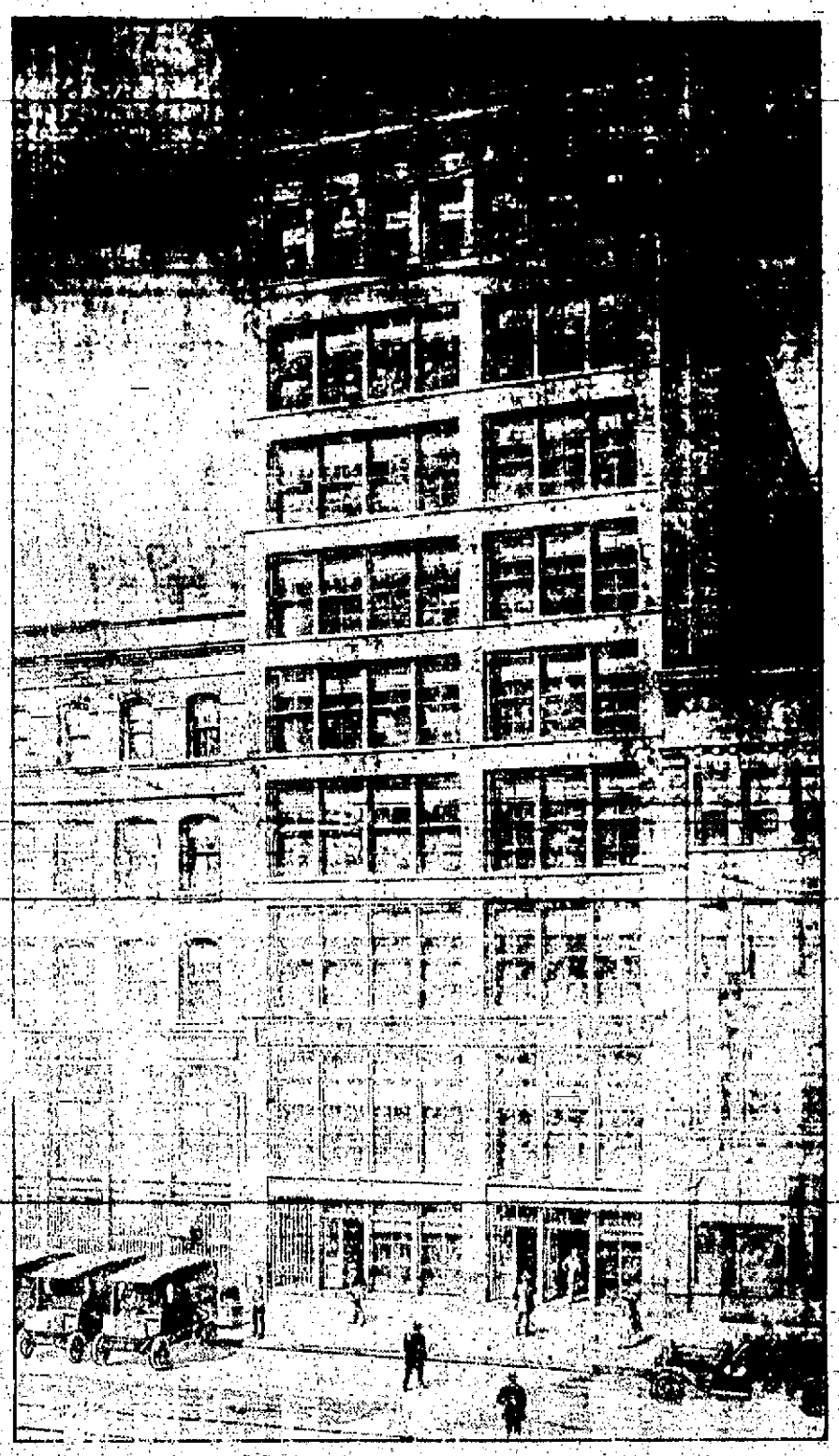
Severe.

"I wish I had a fortune. I'd never paint another picture!" declared an artist to a brother of the brush.

"Well, there are lots of people who would give you one on that condition!"

The Similarity.

Why are some policemen like rainbows? Because they appear after the storm is over.



The H. A. Helbum Company's New Retail Store for Buffalo, soon to be Opened to the Public.

Tomorrow's Breakfast—
Have it Shot from Guns

Surprise your folks tomorrow morning with a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Then let them pass judgment.

Go back to the old foods if your folks think them better. But we know that you won't go back.

These are curious foods, but not made to be curious. The object was to make them digestible.

They are exploded by steam for the simple purpose of blasting the starch granules to pieces.

But the result is crisp, gigantic grains, made four times as porous as bread.

The result is unbroken, nut-like grains, ready to melt in the mouth. Foods that the children like.

They are liked so well that seventeen million dishes were consumed last month. Now it is your turn to try them.

Puffed Wheat—10c

Puffed Rice—15c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

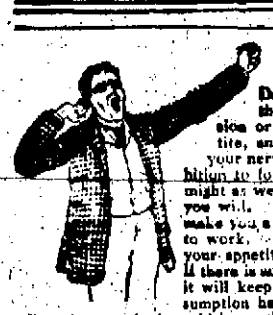
One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

[8]

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

Subscribe for the "Miner!"

The Best and most Up To-Date Weekly Paper in the County. $1.00 in advance.



Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. *It will set things right in your stomach*, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption; it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, *bronchitis, or* bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose *advice is given free* to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good," Dr. Pierce's medicines are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. Their every ingredient printed on their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contain no habit-forming drugs. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

$1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

THIS SPACE IS

RESERVED

FOR

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

Watch for AD. Next Week.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 4, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Less than 200 votes were polled in this borough Tuesday.

—"Out in Idaho" is the attraction at the Lyceum tomorrow night.

—Do not fail to read the advertisement of Daly & Garlick in this issue.

—Mrs. Riley Warner of Emporium, died on Monday of last week, aged 70 years.

—Miss Emogene McGowan has accepted a position in the store of Fry & Comes.

—E. W. Strong, the plumber, has something new in his advertisement this week.

—The McKean County Teachers' Institute will convene in this borough next week.

—Mrs. T. R. Lyle entertained the Kensington Club at her home on Hill street yesterday afternoon.

—Dr. and Mrs. J. V. McAlpin have got settled with their household effects in the Ford house on Church street.

—Concrete walks are being laid in front of Pickersgill's bakery and the residence of Thomas Camp on Main street.

—Wesleyan Methodist services at the Baptist church next Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Do not forget it. Invite your friends to come. All cordially welcome.

—The funeral services of Mrs. O. N. Palmer of Farmers Valley, were held from the house this Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in charge of the Rev. W. A. Harris. Mrs. Palmer was 71 years of age and her married life covered a period of 50 years. Beside her husband she leaves four children, Charles L. Palmer of Illinois, Frank O. Palmer, Mrs. Hattie Fritz and Mrs. Ella Herzog. The body will be taken to Lockport, N. Y., for burial.

—Roulette now has a fire fighting organization. It is known as Roulette Chemical Company No. 1.

—Elvin Gibbs of Morrisons, who disappeared about two weeks ago while out hunting, is still numbered among the missing. His gun has been found along the railroad track but no trace of him has been discovered.

—The Irving G. Case drug store and stock in Ceres, N. Y., was sold on Thursday to E. S. Batterson of Haskell Flatts, N. Y., and the Roy Wakefield house and lot near Bolivar, was sold on Friday to Mrs. Clarissa Clark of Ellisburg, Pa. Both sales were made through the Herrick Agency.

—A Roulette correspondent to the Potter Enterprise says, Edwin Grimes, aged 77 years, of Card Creek, shot and killed two bears at the head of Potato Creek on Saturday, Oct. 23. One is said to have weighed over 300 pounds and the other about 100 pounds. He shot both without moving out of his tracks.

—Mrs. Frank O. Anderson, who is alleged to have shot and killed her husband near Warren, last week, has been held by the coroner's jury on the charge of murder. In a letter to her son she admits the killing and tells a pathetic story of the ill-treatment she had received for years at the hands of her husband.

—The new law which regulates the sale of medicine preparations containing alcohol, morphine, opium, chloroform and similar ingredients went into effect October 1 and in many places has given the druggists some trouble. The law requires articles containing these and similar things to be plainly marked by a label showing the exact amount of each which is contained in the package. Any package not correctly labeled as to its contents is now considerede to be misbranded and the druggist is held responsible.—Ex.

—Corry, Pa., has a population of 8,107 according to a new directory just issued.

—The pond in this borough was covered with ice the latter part of last week.

—M. Kwaki & Co., of 24 Main street, Bradford, have an advertisement in this issue, telling of their auction sale of Japanese art goods which everybody should read.

—Frank H. Dean of Coudersport, well-known in this section, died at his home in that place on Wednesday of last week. He was 42 years of age and is survived by his parents, a wife and a son and daughter.

—Herbert Williams of Port Allegany, who was taken violently insane several weeks ago and taken to the Hospital for the insane at North Warren, is soon to return home, completely cured. This will be pleasing news to his many friends throughout the county.

—Throwing ink on the dresses and coats of women on the streets of St. Marys at night has become so frequent that it has become unbearable and the council of that borough has offered a reward of $100 for the arrest and conviction of any person guilty of this cowardly practice. Thus far two girls and one young man have been arrested but on account of insufficient evidence they have been released. The ink is evidentially squirted from syringes and many beautiful gowns have thus been ruined. Detectives are working on the case.

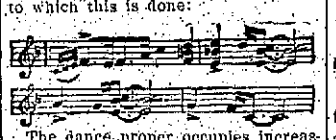
—There can be no doubt as to the lasting popularity of "Out in Idaho," which comes to the Smethport Lyceum to-morrow evening. What "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has done for the south and the negro of slave days, "Out in Idaho" is predicted by those who have seen it to be for the west and the men who were slaves to gold in the treasure-seeking fever of forty-nine. For three years this play has travelled over the whole country, pleasing thousands of theatre-goers. And it is a noticeable fact that those who have already seen the play once, desire to see it again when the chance offers. This season a cast of exceptionable merit has been assembled with a view to giving each part its full dramatic strength and Smethport theatre-goers are assured of the opportunity of seeing a high-class production, when "Out in Idaho" plays here.

—The Pittsburg Dispatch of Wednesday contains an interesting romance which refers to a former Bradford couple, Mr. and Mrs. Judson E. Clark. The couple were married 12 years ago when about 19 and 16 years of age, respectively. About five months after their marriage Mr. Clark enlisted in the army as a member of Company C of the Sixteenth regiment from Bradford. He landed at Porto Rico with General Miles, and after about six months was taken ill and sent home. Meantime relatives had made trouble between the young people and after being remitted one month they separated. For eleven years they had traveled. Proceedings for divorce were commenced lately. Mr. Clark has been living at the Bachelors' Club in Braddock, Mrs. Clark went to Braddock recently on a business errand, alone, she states, and their love was revived. Neither had found any one who could take the place of the other. They were married, as Mrs. Clark thought, a year ago, believing her first marriage to have been outlawed. They have started keeping house, where the six bachelors lived in Braddock, the men having been turned out of their quarters. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are now happy and contented.

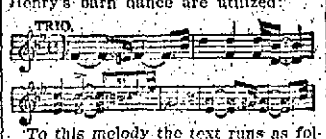
American Barn Dance.

The American barn dance, now one of the leading novelties of the London ball rooms, has been introduced in this country. Several society women startled the community with "S. R. Henry's Barn Dance," to which they danced the figures of the Virginia reel and the hoe-down. Since then the bands and orchestras have taken up the craze.

The method in which the dance is interpreted is that of six couples who swing their partners to a central point thence waltz back to an angle formed by the first retreating couple, who, in turn, exchange partners. The following strains indicate the musical theme to which this is done:



The dance proper occupies increased interest. It is wrought to a climax in which the couples sing as they dance. For this purpose a set of words called "Down at the Huskin Bee" are invoked. The following bars of Mr. Henry's barn dance are utilized:



To this melody the text runs as follows:

"Come along and let's make merry
down at the huskin' bee,
Applejack and good blackberry, we'll
have a jubilee," etc.

SHERIFF SALE.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levaris Facias, Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale at the premises of J. P. Yager in the Village of Hazelhurst, McKean County, Pa., on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1909,

at 2 o'clock p. m. the following piece of property:

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or lot of land situate in the Village of Hazelhurst, Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania and being Village lot No. 18 of the said Village of Hazelhurst, as per survey and map of said Hazelhurst recorded in the Recorder's office of McKean County, Nov. 11, 1905, in Deed Book Vol. 85, at page 440 said land being situate on the southerly side of Main street and bounded and described as follows to wit:—Beginning at a point in the South line of Main street, 40 feet west from the Southwest corner of Main street and Forrest Avenue, said point being the northwest corner of lot No. 20, now owned by Mrs. Frances Campbell; thence southerly along the west line of lot No. 20 100 feet to the North line of Village lot No. 78; thence westerly along the North line of Village lot No. 78, 40 feet to the southwest corner of lot No. 16; thence northerly along the east line of lot No. 16, 100 feet to the south line of Main street; thence easterly along the south line of Main street to the place of beginning. Excepting and reserving all the gas, petroleum, oil, coal, metal and metalliferes and minerals, with right to enter thereon and operate for same, and being same premises conveyed by Clarissa P. Hazelton to J. P. Yager by deed dated April 20, 1900 and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 107 at page 220 etc.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. P. Yager, at the suit of James Randall.

F. D. GALLUP, Plaintiff's Attorney
WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., October 20, 1909.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

FOR BACKACHE

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

at close of business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,694.71
Bonds	187,419.90
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	32,631.31
Due from Banks	85,514.47
	$895,850.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,149.78
	$895,851.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Allows interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

Going Away.

Will dispose of my stock of Harness, Robes, Whips and Horse Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Hand Bags.

Now is your time to make a saving. Goods must go regardless of cost.

Chas. Lemmler

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE

—paid for—

BUTTER,
EGGS
AND
POULTRY.

William M. Hagan,

HAZELHURST, PENNA.

If you have any of the above to sell, and I don't call, drop me a card

$1,000 REWARD.

No decalcomania or print work of any kind is done in the Pickard studios; and to anybody who can find a piece of Pickard China bearing my trade mark that is not strictly hand-painted, I offer a reward of $1,000.

W. A. Pickard.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
DRUG STORE.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

F-769

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport. Pa.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column inch per insertion payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for simple insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 4, 1909.

James E. Abbott, the Republican candidate for jury commissioner, won out easily although it was an off year and a light vote was cast.

Peter C. Foley, the Democratic candidate for mayor of Olean, was elected on Tuesday by a plurality of 193 over W. Z. Georgia, the Republican nominee. Both are well-known and have many friends in Smethport and vicinity.

John D. Rockefeller has set aside a fund of $1,000,000, for the purpose of fighting the "hook worm disease," which is prevalent among the "crackers" and "poor white trash" of the South. The "hook worm disease" is another name for laziness.

James J. Jeffries and Jack Johnson, the white and black heavyweight pugilists of the world are matched to fight "45 rounds or more" on or before July 4, 1910, for a large purse and a side bet of $5,000. The gentlemen met in New York the latter part of last week and arranged for the bout. Mr. Jeffries wanted to make the side bet $20,000 but that looked too big for Mr. Johnson.

A dispatch from Lexington, Ky., of yesterday, says: Jackson, the center of the bloody Harris-Callahan feud, is in a reign of terror today following an all night election riot in which a dynamite bomb was exploded. Five thousand shots were fired by the rioters. The soldiers were unable to check the disorders which lasted until early morning. Many are reported injured, and are being carried away by their friends. Business places are closed and further outbreaks are feared.

The whole Republican ticket in Pennsylvania was elected on Tuesday by handsome pluralities, despite the fact that this was an off year and very little attention was given to the campaign in county districts. Hon. A. V. Dyson of Erie, candidate for Auditor General and Hon. Jeremiah A. Stober of Lancaster, for State Treasurer, were elected by about 150,000 plurality. Hon. Robert von Moschzisker, the nominee for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court was elected by about 80,000 plurality over C. Laltue Munson, who made a vigorous fight for election. James E. Abbott, the candidate for jury commissioner of this county received a plurality of about 300.

Six oil wells on land in Orange, N. J., which had been abandoned for many years, there has been started a unique building venture. The first deed in Orange call it a "fireproof village." It is a colony of houses built entirely of terra cotta, designed to be fireproof, insulated and thereby low in cost. Although before any such suburban development "fireproof home" ideas existed, houses of the kind have been built, but there are twenty-four of them going up at once, all of a building. They all differ in architectural style, they are all alike in their structural qualities. Terra cotta, in the form of hollow blocks, is the basic material. It is used for walls, floors and partitions.

The novel system of construction is largely due to the rise in the price of lumber in recent years. The cost of frame buildings has approached so closely that of masonry dwellings that by adding to maintenance and insurance on the fireproof structures, these charges make up for the difference in original cost. This economic consideration is the element that has caused so many hopes of sturdy permanent construction to spring up in the last two or three years.

In the days to come terra cotta construction will be quite general and Bradford will then have larger clay working plants than it now can boast of.—Era.

Is the taking of one's own life, under certain conditions, a sin? That is a question that has been brought to the writer's mind many times in the past week, since it has become known that one of Smethport's most highly esteemed and Christian spirited women had ended her own life. This woman, although to outward appearances was in a contented state of mind, had evidently been suffering almost unbearable tortures for some time past; until she realized that she must make a choice between the loss of her mental faculties and death. She had many friends but not a near relative to cheer and comfort her in her declining years. She realized that with her mind unbalanced she would be a burden upon those friends of whom she had no right to ask to care for her under such conditions. She fully realized that under ordinary circumstances she had no right to destroy the spark of life that God has given her. On the other hand she had no relations, upon whom her demise, in the way it came, would cast a shadow of shame or humiliation. She owed no one on earth a debt, the payment of which demanded that she should live on in continual suffering, with no earthly bright spot ahead to encourage her. Ordinarily, where the life of a person adds materially to the happiness and comfort of another or where others are dependent upon this life, suicide is cowardly and criminal, but in this instance it was different. She was a lone, sorely troubled woman, whose life was unbearable, and one whose good deeds more than overbalanced, in our opinion at least, the possible crime there may have been in ending it. To us it seems to be a question to be settled between herself and him who gave her that life, and therefore let us, of this earth, leave the decision to Him who knows all things, and think of her as one who did her very best; and honor her memory for that effort.

House Plants Killed by Pests.

A Montgomery County woman, whose house plants were badly damaged, and some of them killed, by insects, such as palm and heliotrope, wrote to State Zoologist Surface for information and also sent to him specimens of the pests that had caused the destruction. As other women may have plants similarly attacked, they will be interested in the answer given, which was as follows:

"This proves to be the larvae of a little fly, such as you describe as seeing on the ground around the plants. These are found to belong to the entomological genus Sciara, and feed on the vegetation in the soil, as well as upon the roots, especially wherein decay has started. They thus promote decay, and may do considerable injury, as you have observed."

"The best way to prevent this trouble is to sprinkle tobacco dust abundantly over the surface of the soil around the plants. The flies will not remain long in a place so treated, and will no longer deposit eggs there. Any larvae that may remain in the soil unkilled will undergo regular development, and after they emerge, there will be no more infestation of your soil. You can, of course, make a decoction of tobacco and water and soak the soil with it and thus destroy the larvae themselves at once, but the tobacco dust will keep the flies from laying their eggs."

ATTENTION, NEWSPAPERMEN.

Having installed a Linotype in this office we have a lot of type for sale at reasonable prices.

Here is a good chance to get an almost new dress for your paper at half the regular price.

We have about 300 pounds of 8 point (brevier) which we will sell at 20 cents per pound. About 200 pounds of 11 point (small pica) which we will sell for 20 cents per pound, and about 100 pounds of 6 point (nonpareil) which we will sell for 25 cents per pound.

Anyone in need of any or all of the above faces can get proofs and full particulars by calling on or addressing

THE MINER,
Smethport, Pa.

Ministers' Club Officers.

The following were elected as officers for the Olean Ministers' Club on Monday:

President, Rev. Roscoe Grabill, Portville, N. Y.

Vice President, Rev. John Seswali, Portville, N. Y.

Secy & Treas., Rev. W. A. Harris, Smethport, Pa.

Twenty Jersey Heifers $30 Each.

In order to reduce my herds, I offer for sale 20 high grade Jersey heifers, two to three years old, tuberculin tested, and sound, handsome and in good condition. May be seen in pastures of my Zellahill Farm at Kushequa, Pa. Apply to tenant, M. L. Fickinger or to

ELISHA K. KANE,
Kushequa.

For Sale.

A number of blacksmithing tools and good violin belonging to the late F. H. Freeman. For particulars inquire of G. W. Mitchell or Ralph E. Burdick.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

tf MRS. CARRIE CLARE.

For Sale.

House and lot on Cemetery street, belonging to Mrs. F. H. Freeman. For particulars inquire of

RALPH E. BURDICK.

A Flat For Rent.

Inquire at J. C. Hamlin's hardware store.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Charles D. Seaman, late of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to Walter Newton of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby required to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim, suit or demands upon said estate, will make the same known without delay.

WALTER NEWTON,
Executor.

Kinzua, Warren Co., Pa., Oct. 27, 1909.

91 Acre Farm Close to Wellsboro For Sale Right

We are offering for sale a productive farm of 91 acres, located 1½ miles from Wellsboro, Pa., on R. F. D. and telephone line. Smooth hill land 55 acres under cultivation, 30 in pasture, 6 in hardwood timber, fine sugar bush. Chocolate loam and red shale soil. Watered by springs and creek, fair fences, fair orchard. 10-room house in good repair, barn 30x40 with lean-to 16x40 and ell 22x36, basement under all barn. Barn is in fine condition with silo. This farm is one-mile from school, 2 miles from condensary, 1½ miles from railroad station. Price $4,200. Terms $2,500 cash, balance in yearly payments. Will sell stock and tools at fair price. Possession at once.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

First Class Laundry Work.

Do not wear SOILED COLLARS.

Help one another by sending your LAUNDRY work to

KANE STEAM LAUNDRY,
F. O. Kelts, Mgr.
C. S. VAN DUSEN, Agent,
Smethport, Pa.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,
State Highway Department,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sealed proposals will be received by the State Highway Department of Pennsylvania, under the Act of Assembly approved May 1st, 1905, for the construction of 7,000 feet of road, extending from the end of the present improved road (Station 125x00. to Station 195x00.) in Foster Township, in the county of McKean. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the county commissioners, Smethport, and at the office of the State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa. Bidding blanks will be furnished by the State Highway Department upon request. Bids must be indorsed "Proposals for RECONSTRUCTION OF ROAD IN FOSTER TOWNSHIP, McKEAN COUNTY," and received at the office of the State Highway Department not later than Nov. 20, 1909, and will be publicly opened at 10 a. m. the following day.

JOSEPH W. HUNTER,
State Highway Commissioner.

Western Methodist Church, E. L. Gilbert, Pastor. Sunday services, 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Epworth League, 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

AUCTION

Closing Out Sale of this most extraordinary exhibition of JAPANESE GOODS

¶ Perhaps you will never again have an opportunity to see such a collection of Japanese art without visiting the great Art Galleries of the east. -:o:- Everything to be sold regardless of cost or value. We don't want to pack a single piece.

Take advantage of this Great

SLAUGHTER

M. EWAKI & CO.

24 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

Burton H. Wade, auctioneer.

Sales 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. each day.

THE LYCEUM

ONE NIGHT

Friday, Nov. 5th.

Dramatic Event of the Season.

FREDERICK N. BUSH
Presents a
Great Play of the West

Out in IDAHO

Lavishly Presented. Correctly Costumed. Pretty Musical Numbers. Notable Cast of Players, Including

CHARLOTTE WESTON
as "Bess Carson"
EDWARD FRANKLIN
as "Bob" Sherwood"

Prices, 25, 35, 50c

FISH, OYSTERS, CLAMS, ETC.

Maurice River Cove Oysters in shell, clams and tub oysters. Come Tuesdays and Fridays. Fresh saltwater fish every Friday.

QUIRK'S RESTURANT.

ATTENTION!

Leave Your Laundry Work at A. B. Armstrong Drug Store, Smethport, Pa.

We solicit your patronage for smooth Domestic Finish and High Grade Laundry Work.

Monday Collections, ship Tuesday noon.

Wednesday Collections, ship Thursday noon.

We will call for laundry work Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week. Have parcels ready.

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY,
C. A. Morrison, of Bradford, Pa.
Donald Hogarth, Agents.

THE NEW MILITARY COLLAR

on our rain coats and overcoats is just what you have been looking for. Try one on and see how it goes. It's New and don't cost any more than the old style.

We Like Lookers.

H. W. Rubin.

Schrafft's Chocolates

—AND—

Munger's Candies

A fresh Stock just received.

—Try them at—

H. C. Wells' Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, - - - PENNA.

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

Variety in style, sameness in high quality of material and comfort due to Ralston anatomical lasts and peculiar five-layered sole construction. This accounts for Ralston popularity with all men. There's everything from the "snappy" models for the college man to the less extreme but distinctive models for the business and professional man.

Always graceful, always becoming, always comfortable.

If you have no decided preference for a particular style of shoe, and want general satisfaction for all kinds of street or dress wear, ask any Ralston dealer for

Stock No. 132
Gun Metal Blucher
"Solace" Last

WILLIAM GLAVIN.

PICKLES

A Few Bargains in SWEET, MIXED and SOUR PICKLE in bottles, also PEARL ONIONS in bottles.

Every day is Bargain Day at

G. W. BRENNAN'S,

THE CASH GROCER.

In the matter of the estate of John S. Condy, late of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was appointed auditor to pass upon the exceptions and re-state the account, if necessary, of the administrator of the above estate; and that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Backus building opposite the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, December 1, 1909, at 9 o'clock A. M., at which time and place all persons interested may appear and be heard.

FRED W. BACKUS,
Andtor.

INSURANCE!

Life, Fire & Accident

—WRITTEN BY—

W. F. SPECHT,

Smethport, Pa.

In good reliable companies

The Lindholm Co.

McCall's Patterns

We Cordially Invite TEACHERS and Friends to Make this Store Their Shopping Headquarters

INSTITUTE WEEK.

YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE.

We received the early part of this week a large Shipment of LADIES' COATS and SUITS. Not only all sizes, but the Values we have been able to secure, are impossible to duplicate.

The Linings and Trimmings are the best we have ever seen at the prices, and as we said, the coats are altogether a Superior lot.

Its our pleasure to invite the ladies to Visit OUR MILLINARY EXHIBITION we invite. Every lady. We are more than usually anxious to have our Fall's display known to all. Because we are sure it represents more Style, more beauty, more skill, more care and variety than any ever shown in this community. For weeks our Milliners have been turning feathers, ribbons and flowers into exact copies of New York and Paris creations. Minus a half or more of Price.

The Lindhom Company.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Horse Blankets,

Robes, Street Blankets

HARNESS SUPPLIES

DALY and GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 4, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—"The Isle of Spice" will be the attraction at the Lyceum Nov. 25.

The advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue should be read by all.

—Frank Oviatt shot a small bear on Monday. It weighed about 100 pounds.

—John Digel has accepted a position in the grocery store of W. A. Andorfer.

—Elmer Burdick of Norwich shot a 300 pound black bear on Monday of this week.

—Miss Rachael Rubin entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—A. B. Armstrong advertises the celebrated Pickard hand-painted china. Come and see it. It is new and beautiful.

—A change of advertisement of The Lindholm Company appears in this issue which is interesting to the ladies.

—Mrs. F. P. Isherwood entertained a number of ladies in a delightful manner at Bridge Whist Tuesday afternoon at her home on Main street.

—Ed McClure went to Warren Tuesday evening where he took the civil service examination for census taker of the district comprising McKean, Warren and Elk counties.

—Emil Thamm and family wishes us to tender their heartfelt thanks to all the kind neighbors and friends who rendered them so much kindly assistance during their late bereavement.

—A party composed of 22 young people enjoyed a straw ride to Coryville Tuesday evening. A oyster supper was served in the Grange hall at that place and a delightful time is reported.

—"Out in Idaho" at the Lyceum to-morrow night.

—Miss Maude Frost entertained the Addidamus Club last evening.

—"The Broken Idol" will be the attraction at the Bradford Theatre, matinee and night, Saturday.

—See the ad. of Means Bros., the new hardware firm, successors to Jno. C. Hamlin, on 3rd page of today's Miner.

—A consignment of 40 carloads of ties to be used in Shawmut construction work in this section was received in this borough this week.

—It is understood that iron has been laid for about 5 miles on the new Shawmut connecting link between Coryville and Whitehouse.

—Chas. Lemmler and family left last Friday for their new home in Newberry, Pa. This estimable family took with them the best wishes of every resident of this community where they have resided so long.

—Miss Ann Bishop has been confined to her home on King street, for several days past, with serious illness and at one time her chances for recovery seemed doubtful, but it is understood that she is now getting along nicely.

—There have been some beautiful fall days recorded during the past week. The beautiful weather of Sunday, in particular, caused a feeling of lassitude that could not have been dupliented by spring fever, to creep over many.

Richard "Jones," a wanderer on the face of the earth, wandered into Smethport last Monday, and his perambulating was stopped for the time being when he wandered into the outstretched and hospitable arms of Officer Foote. Dick was given a hearing before Justice Gleason on a charge of accosting with intent to "bum," several citizens on the streets. After deliberating on the case the justice liberated the rover with the commonplace cognomen.

—Chief of Police Frank McCarthy who has been seriously ill for several days past and whose life at one time was despaired of, is now convalescent. This is certainly good news to this popular officer's hosts of friends.

—Burns D. White, aged 24 years, and an employe of the J. M. Deutsch Company at Hornell, was killed Tuesday morning by being whirled around a shaft. His body tore a hole in the ceiling of the factory before an arm was wrenched off, allowing his body to fall to the floor. He was horribly mangled.

—A man known as "Len" McGill was run over and had his head severed from his body by a freight train near the Pennsylvania station at Olean Monday night. He has a wife at Canisteo, N. Y., and relatives in Olean and Coryville. He came to Olean on Saturday and had been drinking it is claimed.

—While out motoring one day recently, Judge Harry Alvan Hall of Elk county, succeeded in shooting a handsome wild turkey. He was driving through the Nittany valley when the large bird flew over his car within shooting range and, having his shotgun ready, he easily bagged the bird which weighed about 20 pounds.

—"China" Hafner of this office went on a hunting expedition up Clermont way last week. Of course he didn't bring anything home with him for his powder was wet and the birds know of it and became so bold as to even fly up and sit on his gun barrel. "China" saw a bear, but the bear saw him first and lited off into the wilderness. He tells some good stories about the trip but we have our doubts.

—John B. Oviatt and sons have sold the two bears they killed about two weeks ago to a gentleman in Pittsburg who is going to have them mounted and placed in the Carnegie Museum in that city. This gentleman wants to get another nice specimen and the Oviatts have agreed to make a special effort to get it for him. He also wants to get a buck, doe and fawn for the same purpose, but as the law forbids the killing of a doe or fawn, the only way he can get them is by special permit from the State, which he will not attempt to get this year.

Charles H. Gleason has rented the R. C. Gleason building recently vacated by Charles Lemmler and on or about the 15th of this month will open a general store and harness shop there. It is Mr. Gleason's intention to run in connection with this store a sort of a produce exchange, where a farmer or truck gardener can find a market for most anything he has to sell, and can purchase most of anything he needs from a paper of pins to a harness and lumber wagon. Such a store has been needed in this town for a long time and if he starts in this way we see no reason why he should not make a great success of the undertaking.

Accused by his daughter of slaying his wife, William Jones was held for court yesterday at a hearing before a Justice of the peace in Punxsutawney. Jones was arrested a week ago. The daughter, Mrs. John Kunselman, in her testimony at the hearing, said that on October 8, 1908, her father killed her mother in their home in Knoxdale, because the latter, according to the daughter's testimony, was ill with typhoid fever and could not go out to work. At the time a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from unknown causes, and the daughter declares she was sworn to secrecy on penalty of death. The daughter, who several months ago was married, told her husband, and information was made against her father.

—Mrs. Jerry McCarty met with a serious accident at her home on East Main street, Sunday. Mrs. McCarty, who is about 80 years of age and has been a great sufferer from rheumatism to such an extent as to be unsteady on her feet, started outdoors to get a bucket of water at a well alongside of the house. Between the house and well she fell heavily and was rendered unconscious. The aged lady was picked up and carried into the house and Dr. Clark was summoned. The doctor made the patient as comfortable as possible and has been attending her since. Mrs. McCarty was badly injured by the fall in such a way as to partially paralyze her body, and owing to her extreme age it is doubtful whether she will ever be able to walk again.

—In those strange days, people coming from God knows where, joined forces in that far western land, and, according to the rude custom of the camp, their very names were soon lost and unrecorded, they struggled, laughed, gambled, killed, and worked out their strange destinies in a manner incredilable to us of to-day. Of one thing only are we sure—they lived. It is of such people that "Out in Idaho," which will be seen at the Smethport Lyceum on to-morrow, Friday evening, treats. At present the stories in greatest demand by the magazine reading public are stories of western life. "Out in Idaho" tells one of the most dramatic stories of the west ever written. It is a play that moves theatre-goers deeply and a play that renews in one that strange attraction for the mysteries of the life of the gold seekers of "forty-nine."

—Last week we stated that the open season for rabbits and deer began on Monday, Nov. 1. The open season for rabbits did begin last Monday and remains open until Dec. 15. However the open season for deer begins Nov. 15, and closes the last day of this month.

—St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will hold an old-fashioned chicken supper in their rooms in the basement of the church Thursday, Nov 11, from 5:30 until all have eaten their fill. Supper 25 cents. On the same afternoon at 2 o'clock the Auxiliary will hold a sale of Fancy Articles. All cordially invited.

—Miss Flora Baker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Baker, former residents of this place, died at the home of her parents in Liberty township, on Wednesday of last week, aged about 35 years, the cause of her death being tuberculosis. The deceased had many friends in this place who will mourn her demise.

—While Frank Steiner was hunting on the mountain back of the Falling Spring one day last week, he heard the report of a gun nearby, and felt a stinging sensation in the finger of the hand in which he was carrying his gun. Examination showed that a buckshot had cut the finger and another had made a dent in his gun barrel. Nearby he found three boys, one armed with a muzzle loading shot gun, the other with air guns. "I thought you was a bear" was the explanation of the youthful hunter. Firearms and boys are a dangerous combination and parents should use discretion in allowing their boys the use of guns. Regrets avail nothing after the damage is done, or the life taken.—Galeton Leader-Dispatch.

Personal Mention.

S. F. Redfield is a Buffalo visitor today.

Joseph Mundy was an Olean visitor Tuesday.

Sheridan Gorton was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

Al Hughes was an Eldred business visitor last week.

C. B. Corwin was calling on friends in Olean yesterday.

C. A. Burdick left Sunday for a business visit in Pittburg.

Mike Scanlon of Colegrove was a Smethport visitor last week.

Kenneth Mayo was a Carlisle visitor the latter part of last week.

—Mrs. Charles Scull is the guest of friends in Washington, D. C.

T. F. Mullin, Esq., of Bradford was a Smethport visitor last Friday.

E. "Bill" Andrews was an Olean visitor the fore part of the week.

John E. Mullin of Kane was a Smethport business visitor Friday.

Mrs. F. A. Briggs of Bradford was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Misses Ella Gorton and Viola Bangert leave to-morrow for a week's visit in Port Allegany.

Mrs. Fred Albert and children, Herbert and Jeanette, left Tuesday for a visit in Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Scanlon of Colegrove, were Smethport visitors the first part of the week.

Freeman and John Chadwick attended the funeral of Miss Flora Baker at Port Allegany last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Kane of Kushequa were in attendance at the funeral of Mrs. M. E. Richmond last Saturday.

Mrs. C. J. Thamm and son who have been visiting her parents in this place for some time, return to-day for their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son John, of Bradford were called to this borough the latter part of last week by the death of the former's mother, Mrs. Emil Thamm.

District Attorney Guy B. Mayo and mother, Mrs. E. R. Mayo, left yesterday, for Oil City and Franklin. Mrs. Mayo will visit friends in Franklin, while Mr. Mayo transacts business in Oil City.

WM. MONHEIMER.

ARE YOU

aware, that besides our splened line of READY-TO-WEAR clothing WE ALSO MAKE CLOTHES to your measure! We are the agents of THE ROYAL TAILORING CO. of New York and Chicago and can show you over 500 samples of all wool goods from which, we can make to your order a Suit or an Overcoat at from

$18.50 to $45.00

An absolute fit guaranteed, even if you don't buy, give us at least a LOOK.

MONHEIMER'S

Man-Tailored Garments Made to Measure.

You can now get man-tailored garments made to your individual measure, at little more than ready-made prices.

We take all the measurements right at our store. We gather all the facts necessary to fit your figure, style and individuality.

We send all these facts to the American Ladies Tailoring Co., Chicago, the largest concern in their line. The garments are made by journeymen tailors, under the direction of the famous Monsieur Kayser.

Delivery is very prompt.

180 Kinds of Cloth.

We are showing at our store the handsome Fashion Portfolio issued by this tailoring Concern. The best of styles for Fall and Winter are shown in it—all in actual colors. There are 54 styles pictured in this Portfolio.

We also show 180 samples in the latest weaves in cloth. Any style that you choose will be made to your measure in any cloth you select. Think what an enormous variety.

Amazing Prices.

The prices we quote are amazing—hardly more than ready-made prices. Yet the garments are all man-tailored by experts, and they have all the man-tailored effects. And they are all made to your measure.

Suits, $13.50 to $45
Skirts, $5.50 to $15
Coats, $7.50 to $25

We guarantee absolute satisfaction in fit, style, workmanship and materials. Any garments not right need not be accepted.

Please come and see this Fashion Portfolio, and judge what such service means.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Who Gets The Difference?

If your bank pays you only two per cent on your deposits you are losing one hundred per cent on your income.

If your bank pays you only three per cent, you are losing thirty-three and one-third per cent.

Because this bank pays four per cent interest compounded every six months on all savings and time accounts of any size.

You can Bank by Mail with us as easily as in person | Ask for Free Booklet JH it explains everything

Capital and Surplus, $10,000,000.00

"In Capital and Surplus, there is Strength."

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY (SAVINGS BANK)

317 Fourth Ave.—314 to 318 Diamond St.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

For Staple and Fancy GROCERIES

Go to

W. A. ANDORFER.

Prompt Delivery Satisfaction Guaranteed

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION

RETREADING, REBUILDING, RECOVERING, and REPAIRING of AUTOMOBILE TIRES.

Inner Tubes Repaired Promptly. NEW and Second Hand Casings and Tubes Always in Stock.

WE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE EVERY JOB.

Smethport Rubber Co. . . . . Smethport, ... Pennsylvania.
CHAS. S. MOOMY, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

Dollars and Sense

Love Rose Superior to Scruples About Her Wealth

By JOANNA SINGLE

Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Frederic King met his friend at the door and relieved that perspiring partner of his heavy suit cases.

"Poor Porty!" he soothed whimsically. "I marked you from the window and saw that the usual thing ailed you. I send you to work on a case, and you return with 'girl' writ large on your plump, fair countenance. Was it so bad as all that? I know what she did to you, for you're easy, poor boy, but who was she this time?" He pushed forward the biggest chair and thrust a cigar between Porter's willing teeth. The two men smoked.

"Never mind, son; you always recover. Some worthy tobacco, a little time and another girl, and history will repeat itself. How about the case?"

"Depositions all straight and fine; good stuff," Porter answered briefly as he wistfully scrutinized his partner's fine, high bred face. "Confound you and your commiseration, King! I need the commiseration, however; that's sure. But I just live to see you meet your Waterloo. You're vulnerable somewhere. And you have not met Rose Law yet. Fate is bringing her here tomorrow to spend the summer with her aunt, Mrs. Morton. I observe your finish. It's been due you these three years."

"No, not till I have something better than a pumpkin shell to keep the lady in, Porty. Dismiss me. But, tell me what she's like. I'll have to hear your ravings sooner or later. I see she did a thorough job with you. Proceed."

Porter nodded an affirmation. He launched into his subject with a whole heart. The lady's list of charms and their effect was long. King was patient. Finally, as all things have an end, Porter paused for breath, which he needed, being short and fat.

"Is that all? Finish at this sitting. I'm not always complacent with the meanderings of a lunatic. What else? I can't think of another single charm myself."

"Two more. She's rolling in dollars—her grandmother's. And—I'm no dog in the manger—any one could see she is just the girl for you, little and fair and—"

"Shut up, Porty!" he commanded in elegantly. "I hate that sort of thing even from you. I'm not in the market. And, you know, I'd hang myself before I'd destroy my self respect by marrying a rich girl. The dollars in themselves put her out of my class; that's all."

But it was not all. Ere Rose Law came was seen and conquered. Porty had not exaggerated. And Frederic King, with the quick knowledge of the man who has desensitized his heart by constant exposure, knew his queen at sight. The Waterloo had come.

That summer a silent battle was fought. Choosing the discretionary part of valor, King carefully treated Rose Law, accustomed to adoration, as he did every woman—with gay perfect, impersonal courtesy. It was hard, especially as society, like nature, knows a pair when she sees it. She was always his partner at dinners and dances, at picnics and frolics, till in sheer self defense he began to devote himself to little Sallie Grey, who had always openly flouted him. Then this refuge was taken from him—a flash, too warm, in the child's eyes bade him protect her from herself.

Rising to his lead, Rose played a perfect support. Then she became leading lady in his own play of friendly indifference. They were friends, while the world wondered, for to women like Rose men are lovers first. Afterward they choose between friendship and the outer darkness. The girl's vanity was hurt, her pride wounded. She was first amazed, then angry. Then her heart was touched. She began to suffer. Real love never plays with its object. Her skill deserted her. She became a silent, sensitive thing, registering each day some new impression of Frederic King's fine face and voice, his little tricks of mind and body, his strength and ability, his lovableness.

She became very miserable, waking at night to see no good, no charm, in herself, to suffer what she had made others suffer. She had not known that love awakened and denied really hurts. She regretted her cruelties and became so unwontedly gentle that before she knew it she had three more hearts laid at her small feet. She wondered what others saw in her when she was powerless to draw the one.

As for King, the thought of the girl gave him no peace. He tried vainly to fight her out of his consciousness. He did not know that she cared for him, but he had an overwhelming impulse to ask her if she could and would care every time he came before her. He would hate her "wretched money" and devised wild plans by which she might lose every cent, so that he might storm her heart, toil for her and finally win for her her every wish. His common sense fled. The fortune became a nightmare and life an emptiness.

One night he went early from the Mortons', knowing that when the party should go out on the moonlit lawns he should seek her and say that which he intended never to say. He no longer trusted himself. He sat in the dark consuming cigarettes and hating himself for doing it. It was not his way to rule his health intentionally. Then Porter came puffing in and flung himself into a chair. He knew he was not wanted and did not care. He began to talk.

"King, you precious donkey, I've cooked your goose."

"And mixed your metaphors shamelessly. Get out and let me alone."

"You precious idiot," persisted Porter, "don't stick your stubborn head into the sand and imagine the world is blind. You're selfish past words. You think only of yourself and don't mind whom you hurt. Of course nobody cares if you want to suffer, but how about—her? You chase after her, your eyes like the moon following the sun, in this fool friendship game which deceives no one. What business have you to punish an innocent girl because her grandmother willed her a fortune? How could she know your confounded pride would shy at it? You needn't try to shut me up; I'm talking for sure. I can't see why a man can coolly take a woman's beauty and youth, every quality of heart and mind, all the real things she has to give, and use them like water or daylight and then balk at the paltry money she is not to blame for having and which is less to her than—well, infinitely less than a single kiss! What if she has dollars? You have sense—or used to have."

"I still have enough to hate your cheap puns, Porter. Get out of here!"

"I won't. Take that from me and wait till I finish. And you've set the old pussies whispering about her. Have you heard the news? No? Well, her cousin told me tonight that she, Rose Law, has made over every cent of her money to an orphan asylum and is leaving early tomorrow morning for New York to take a course in nursing. They all think she's crazy, and she is. Girls are like that—in stories and out of them. When they think love has failed them they want to be good to a suffering world. She is going to have the papers, the deed of gift, made when she gets there. Now, I'm an orphan. You might have given the vile stuff to me if you would not let the child have it to play with herself, while you made her happy in your own independent, imbecile way. I'm sick of you. It's too late for you to do anything, so I'll use the phone in the outer office and go."

As in a daze, not hearing the words, King was conscious of Porter's phoning, then of his putting his head in at the door again.

"I told you I cooked your goose, King, I began, as I left Morton's, by telling Miss Law that you were suddenly called away on business, but were coming back as soon as possible to bid her goodby and asked me to beg her to wait for you in the garden close she was there when I saw her. It will be a romantic setting."

King was too furious to speak. He thought it a very bad joke in the worst possible taste of Porter's always questionable taste. But it dawned on him that it was no joke, and he rose angrily. Porter continued: "My voice, you know, is strangely like yours. I just called her up by phone and said you would be there in a moment. She said it was too late, and I told her you would see her or raise the house, and that you would tell her what you had to say if the assembled family had to hear it too. She said she would be in the garden. It's not much past 10 and not far. Hurry!"

He fled before King could drive him out.

Willing to stay Porter, hoping, then fearing, that he joked or lied, he set off on the chance of finding her in the garden. But he was certain of one thing, two things—his own heart and the great soft moon. He had no belief that she could care. But he saw himself with Porter's eyes, which were, after all, clear and honest.

And he found her in the garden, by happy chance, however, as Porter was ever gifted with a fine imagination. He came on her suddenly, and she turned in a terror real enough till she saw who it was. She trembled.

"It's warm in the house, and I couldn't sleep. It's lovely here."

"It's lovely wherever you are and misery where you are not. Oh, Rose! Oh, Rose! Could you love me a little? You will not go away, will you?"

He held his arms out for her, and she did not deny the call.

Mountains Made of Skeletons.

Many of the most imposing mountain ranges of the globe are largely made up of limestones composed almost entirely of the hard parts of animals which once lived in the sea, the most important of these rock building forms being of a very small size. The solid earth is, in fact, a colossal graveyard, and many of its most imposing elevations are stupendous tombstones.

The chalk making up the white cliffs to which England owes her name of Albion (Latin, albus, white) is chiefly composed of microscopic shells closely resembling those now found at the bottom of the sea. Hills and mountain ranges largely made of this chalk extend from Britain and France round the shores of the Mediterranean and away into Asia and are largely represented in other parts of the world. Even more remarkable is the limestone of which the pyramids are built.

This is chiefly made up of coin shaped shells (nummulites), partly responsible, no doubt, for eastern legends of magic money. The limestone containing them attains a thickness of several thousand feet and is the material of which many mountain ranges are largely built. Beginning on the west, we have the Pyrenees and Alps, followed by the Carpathians, Caucasus, mountains of Asia Minor, north Africa and Baluchistan and, lastly, the Suleiman mountains, Himalayas and ranges in China and Japan.

An Entirely Selfish Theorist.

"Do you believe in the theory of reincarnation?" asked the serious girl.

"You mean to ask if I think we'll keep coming back to this earth again and again?" rejoined the flippant young man.

"Yes."

"I have my doubts about it. The creditors may all come back, but we believe we are to go wandering again to other planets if we can possibly arrange it."—Los Angeles Times.

Just the Place.

Sweet Singer (indignantly)—Sir, what do you mean by saying I should exercise my voice in a tar factory? I'm insulted.

Comedian—Don't be offended, sir. You know how you said you had such a fine pitch in your voice. I thought a tar factory would be just the place to render it.—Chicago News.

According to Anna.

(Dr. Anna Shaw, advocating women for the police force, says that the criminal needs "mothering.")

Peekaboo! I see 'oo—
'Oo an' not any doubt!
Peekaboo! Ee, it's 'oo
Tryin' to hide from muzzer.

Muzzer see! Doodness me!
Hotty-totty-nauty!
Awful chap! Muzzer slap!
Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!

Muzzer's mad 'cause 'oo's bad,
'Cause 'oo smell so beery!
But don't 'oo cry! Wipe um's eye!
Muzzer loves 'oo, dearie!

—Puck.

Inner Consciousness.

"Our friend Solomon Wheeze insists that he has a wonderful sense of humor."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "he is what I should call a subjective humorist. He thinks he is funny regardless of what the impressions of others may be."—Washington Star.

As to Miracles.

"Do you believe in miracles?"

"Yes. I left my umbrella in a car the other morning and got it when I inquired at the place where articles that are found in the cars are supposed to be turned in."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cause and Effect.

"What a sad, sad face!" quoth a kindly man
As a woman passed them by.
And his female comrade sized her up
With a calm yet scornful eye.

"Why, yes," she shortly acquiesced
In a feminine manner pat;
"I fancy that I would, too, look sad
If I had a face like that."

—Town Topics.

New Perils.

"Is the trip across the channel dangerous?" inquired the tourist.

"It is becoming more so than formerly," answered the Englishman. "There is no telling what moment an airship may drop on you."—Washington Star.

The Plain Truth.

Oh, the monoplanes and biplanes and aeroplanes we see,
But with them all the plain old earth is good enough for me!

—Chicago News.

Held by the Enemy.

Hank Stubbs—Don't see how them summer folks up to Culver's could hev stayed their full two weeks.

Dige Miller—I dun paid their board money in advance.—Boston Herald.

Not Genuine.

"All is not gold that glitters," 'tis
It often comes to pass
The Golden Rule that most folks know
Is nothing more than brass.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Way of Finance.

"That man is always buying gold bricks."

"Yes. But he always manages to sell them to somebody else at a profit."—Boston Traveler.

Very Adaptable.

The stylish damsel has a way
Of being thin or fat.
For every mode she can display
The requisite anat.

—Pittsburg Post.

Harder.

"Does your wife put you on the carpet when you displease her?"

"Worse than that. We have hardwood floors."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"That Reminds Us."

The fishing season's all but closed
On river, lake and sound,
But still the yarns go off the reel
The whole blame year around.

—Houston Post.

One of Many.

Greening—Had your vacation yet?
Browning—Yes.
Greening—Where did you go?
Browning—Broke.—Chicago News.

Poor Stock For Investment.

The stock of balloons is going up;
The makers are elated;
But don't you put a cent in them—
The darn things are inflated.

—Judge.

It All Depends.

"Is life worth living?" queried the pessimistic person.

"It is unless you think it isn't," replied the optimist.—Chicago News.

Facts and Figures.

Some men know a lot about
Figures, dates and such,
And, after all is said and done,
They don't amount to much.

—Kansas City Times.

In the Same Box.

Eve—I'm a poor, motherless girl.

Adam—Well, I'm not overstocked with immediate relatives myself.—New York Press.

Joys That Wait.

It is only a step
From the vacation bill
To something that's worse—
A big coal bin to fill.

—Boston Post.

THE RIVER SEINE.

As Contact With Paris on Its Journey to the Sea.

Inevitably in its passage through Paris the blue and silver of the Seine's robe are blurred by contact with the volumes of smoke which occasionally hang upon its surface and stained by the impurities which reach it from the streets. Though it quickly recovers its pristine blueness after the fortifications have been left behind, it is never again quite the unsophisticated river that it was before its Paris experience. Its waters are less limpid, its course more nervous, while at its meeting with the sea at Honfleur its color and character have changed completely. There the vast stretches of mud over which it runs, east of Paris, and of Rouen, give to the waters of the wide Seine estuary reaching from Trouville to Le Havre the half dead, moire tones of oxidised silver. The great Parisian river dies magnificently, and no more gorgeous spectacle can be conceived than when on a fine evening the sun sets upon the Seine at its junction with the sea, where its ultimate cliffs fade away behind the summer haze into a powder of gold, and it burns a light turquoise blue, with weird reflections of brazen yellow, old gold and cadaverous green. How different from its gentler and simpler aspect as it huddles round the heart of Paris, warm purple and burnished gold when the sinking sun strikes it as it softly laps against the stone embankment of the Louvre or sparkling blue, dappled with milk white, beneath the silvery mists of the Paris morning!—Harper's Weekly.

MOLL CUTPURSE.

Bold Highway Robber and the First English Woman Smoker.

Mary Frith, better known as Moll Cutpurse, was a notable figure in old time London life. She had the reputation of being the first woman to smoke tobacco in England.

The length of her days is a disputed point, but it seems certain that she attained the age of more than seventy years and ten. It is asserted that constant smoking prolonged her life. A perfect representation of her in the act of smoking forms the frontispiece of Middleton's comedy of the "Roaring Girl." She also figures in other plays of the period.

Mary was the daughter of a shoemaker living in the Barbican, and Malone gives 1584 as the date of her birth. She early took to wicked ways and became a noted "highwayman." Among her familiar friends were the notorious Captain Hind and Alchard Hannam. She was an expert swordswoman. Single handed she robbed on Hounslow heath General Fairfax of 200 gold jacobuses, shooting him through the arm and killing two of his horses on which his servants were riding. For the offense she was committed to Newgate, but on paying the general £2,000 she obtained her liberty.

At one time Mary had £3,000 of her own, but by giving money to distressed cavaliers she died comparatively poor. Her death took place in July, 1660, and she was laid to rest in St. Bridget's.—Millgate Monthly.

Metheglin.

Metheglin and hypocras were numbered among the many good things beloved of Pepys, and the latter drink stood him in good stead at a guildhall banquet which occurred during one of his spells of pledged abstinence from wine. This was on lord mayor's day, 1663, when the diarist notes: "We went into the buttry and there stayed and talked and then into the hall again, and there wine was offered, and they drunk. I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vowe, it being, to the best of my present judgment, only a mixed compound drink and not any wine. If I am mistaken, God forgive me. But I hope and do think I am not." He was. Hypocras was usually composed of spice, herbs and sugar steeped for many days in Rhenish wine, and it is not reasonable to suppose that the lord mayor's butler had forgotten the wine.

English "Consols."

The young woman who has been explaining in the north London police court that she expected £15 invested in consols to bring her in 10 shillings in the pound interest knew about as much concerning "the funs" as the elder Mr. Weller. You recall Sam Weller's scorn upon discovering that his father supposed "reduced counsels" to be alive. But there is one single point about consols which most people, probably including many who possess some, could not answer offhand—of what exactly is the name an abbreviation? There is nothing even to remind us of it. Even the precise persons who would die rather than contract "omnibus," "telephone" or "photograph" never speak of "consolidated annuities."—London Chronicle.

The First Firearms.

The early history of firearms in the sense of tubes from which missiles are thrown by the action of a detonating compound of the nature of gunpowder is wrapped in obscurity, though it may be inferred from the few early records that such weapons were first employed in warfare soon after the beginning of the fourteenth century, if not some time before. The country of their origin remains uncertain, but it was most probably Italy.

The Retort Sympathetic.

Amelia (with a simper)—I have such hard work to keep George from being silly when he is with me, Priscilla (tartly)—You don't expect impossibilities of the poor fellow, do you?—Baltimore American.

INHERIT THE JOB.

The Postmasters of a Little Town in Kent, England.

Forty years before, as quite a boy, Jones had left a little town in Kent, England. Now, on the first long vacation he ever had since, he was visiting his childhood scenes. He had remembered that the postmaster's name was Pengelley, and he had remembered, too, that he was a kindly old man. There wasn't the slightest probability, he thought, that the postmaster was still alive, but his acquaintance with the former incumbent might smooth things a little with the new one, so that the whereabouts of people to whom he had been directed would be made known.

"What's become of Mr. Pengelley?" he asked, interrupting for a moment his majesty's letter assorter.

"I ain't Mr. Pengelley."

"Perhaps you're his son."

"Yes; my father's name was Pengelley, too," drawled the Englishman.

"I mean the postmaster."

"So do I."

"Was your father postmaster forty years ago?"

"My word, no! That was my grandfather. You see, our names are all alike, and the postoffice department doesn't know but that the first one is alive. We inherit this job, don't you know. And my wife's just presented me with a son. There was no haggling over his name."—New York Press.

TWO MEN AND A TIP.

An Incident in a Broadway Lunch Room in New York.

A business man who in his university days had been a devoted student of ethics sat down in a lower Broadway lunch room a few days ago and saw something that awakened a particular train of thought in channels unused since his student days.

Directly opposite him two men were finishing their midday meal. One, a sprucely dressed chap, sipped his last drop of coffee, placed a dime on the table in front of his companion and walked out. The other, equally well dressed, took a little longer time over his coffee before preparing to go. Then just as he was about to rise he furtively passed his hand over to the dime in front of his former neighbor's plate and moved it to a position in front of his own. He then walked hastily out. The waiter a moment later picked up the dime, noting before whose plate it was, and cleaned away the dishes, mumbling the while.

Now the former college man is wondering whether this is not a case where he can aptly apply those words of Shakespeare: "Who steals my purse steals trash; * * * but he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed."—New York Tribune.

"Nisi Prius."

People often ask the meaning of the legal expression "nisi prius." Literally interpreted, it means "unless before," a name given to the sittings of a court for the trial of civil causes. Judges on circuit, besides trying prisoners, have the power to give decisions in causes of complaints between private parties and when so acting are called judges of "nisi prius." Formerly, when the circuits were less frequent, the sheriff was commanded "by writ" to bring the jury and witnesses from the county where the action arose to Westminster, Gloucester or Winchester on a certain day, but when the assizes became frequent a "nisi prius" clause was inserted in the writ containing these words: "Unless before that day our justices shall come to your county and take the assizes there." As it happened that the assizes always did take place before the date named in the writ, the clause was practically useless and now remains only as a name for those civil causes to which until recently it referred.—Dundee Advertiser.

The Fascination of Corn Cutting.

Corn cutting always has a fascination for me. I like to see the farmer grip the tall stalks with a stout band and, deftly holding them, clip them with a quick stroke of a knife. Around the bundle when it is gathered he twists a slimmer stalk and tucks the ends tightly under. It is a tidy art, for a twist may lack just the luck that holds the bundle. The farmer's work develops quick judgment as well as deftness of hands, and so it is a good school, for it makes the brains and the hands work together. The boy who follows with a fork should be able to lift the bundle and build a stook that will resist the wind. When the huskers come every ear should have been kept well up from the ground and the stalks so well ventilated that there is no smell of mildew.—E. P. Powell in Outing Magazine.

Famous Cedars.

The famous cedars of Lebanon also grow in India and Algeria, but their home is the Lebanons of northern Syria. In ancient times the sides of the whole mountain were covered with them, but now they are found in only one small hollow on the northwestern slope. These are securely fenced in, but in spite of the great care of the gardener the 200 that now survive will soon die, and the species will become extinct.

The Tripping Tongue.

Friend—I understand, Mrs. Stern, that your daughter has married since we last met. Mrs. Stern—Yes, and been divorced. Friend—Ah! And who is the happy man?—Boston Transcript.

Liberty cannot be established without morality.—Greeley.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. E. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheats.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Berlin, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. W. Milks, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. F. Slarsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—P. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. A. Adair, Smethport; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anderson, Clermont; A. M. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. E. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, president; F. H. Bleyer, secretary; J. W. Wells, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sisse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. E. Specht, treas.; John H. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—C. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stack.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MASSEE, W. M.
W. E. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 277, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon in each month at 2 o'clock in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

I. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA AUBREY, Com.
DELIE KAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. PARKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE E. ANSPACHER, Secretary.

[illegible] No. 151, O. [illegible] S.—Meets [illegible] in Odd [illegible]
[illegible] M. PALEY, W. [illegible]
[illegible] Secy.

O. U. A. M.—Meets every Monday [illegible] Hall, Adoption [illegible] degree, and [illegible] degree on Monday [illegible]
M. E. GRAHY, [illegible]
S. HOGARTH, [illegible]

Churches

[illegible] Episcopal—Rev. A. Harris, [illegible] Class Meeting Sunday at [illegible] Church [illegible] 10:30 a. m. Special [illegible] Junior League at [illegible] Sunday [illegible] evening service at [illegible] General prayer meeting [illegible] p. m.

[illegible]—J. Heber [illegible] pastor. [illegible] Sunday [illegible] and 7:30 p. m. Additional [illegible] at 2:30 p. m. [illegible] Sunday [illegible] School at [illegible]

[illegible] Saint's Memorial [illegible] Rev. J. Heber [illegible] pastor. Holy Communion [illegible] Sunday [illegible] Services every Sunday [illegible] Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

Elizabeth's Catholic church—Rev. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church [illegible] Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the first.

First Baptist Church—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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THE WISDOM OF LAME MORT.

Common Sense Wins in Love as in Other Human Ventures.

By ALICE LOUISE LEE.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

Lame Mort was preparing dinner against the arrival of the Cody stage. He sat on a box—the stagecoach station boasted no chairs—peeling potatoes without troubling himself to remove the dirt filled eyes.

Occasionally Lame Mort glanced out of the small dirty window and chuckled. All that was visible outside was the top of a cap and the edge of a tan sheepskin collar, but in themselves a mirth provoking sight. It was the occupation of the wearer which convulsed the stage host.

"Makin' a choice," he muttered. "It must be nerve wearin', agitatin' work this hikin' out on the trail of a wife."

The speaker chucked the potatoes into a kettle and, limping to the door, grinned down at the solitary inhabitant of the bench. It was Goat Wilson, sheep herder, looking preternaturally solemn. Spread out on his knees was a sample copy of the Heart and Hand, a matrimonial journal.

"Got her picked out yet?" asked Lame Mort jocularly.

Goat grinned feebly and shook his head.

Lame Mort drew nearer and looked over the other's shoulder. "Which one are you leanin' to so far?" he asked curiously.

Goat rested a large, blunt forefinger on No. 802, who described herself as "a sweet little blond with true blue eyes."

"Think she'd fill the bill?" he finally asked nervously.

"Fill the bill," ejaculated Lame Mort heartlessly. "How'd you look anyway hooked up 'longside 'golden hair, pink and rosy complexion, age seventeen? Got a lookin' glass up in your wagon, have you?"

Goat looked foolish. His finger reluctantly slipped from 802 to 903—"a handsome brunette with an abundance of dark hair and black sparkling eyes."

"You bet her eyes would sparkle once they got set on your outfit!" commented Lame Mort. "I'd pass the brunette up if I were you."

The baffled sheep herder turned to the front page help wanted, remarking with spirit: "I don't see why I can't like one is good looking; but why she takes another way of sayin' so."

Lame Mort read, wrinkled his brow and mildly stamped out with the seat of his approval despite the fact that the language puzzled him.

"With a view to happiness I want to hear from some man in good circumstances who would be very particular how his wife looks. I am twenty-nine, do not get mad and am a good worker. Let some one like the above write."

Eight hundred and one, who proved to be Miss Olga Heim of Clydes Forks, N. Y., carried the day, and preliminaries incident to her change of residence and name were conducted in Goat's name by Lame Mort through the Heart and Hand. It would take $100 to convey the lady to Wyoming. The cash passed through the Chicago office, diminished by a little matter of commission, and the lady was scheduled to appear in Cody June 5.

When this information arrived Goat sat down on a cracker box with resounding force and ejaculated feebly: "The 5th! Gosh, that's Thursday!"

"Of course it is, man. Brace up here!" Lame Mort gave the groom elect a blow between the shoulders by way of congratulation, feeling not a little complacent at the outcome of his advice and correspondence. "I'll take the stage over Thursday and see you through with it," he continued cheerfully. "Of course you'll have to go on before and speak to the justice."

Therefore on Tuesday Goat, knock-kneed and faint, left a substitute with the sheep and journeyed Cody-wards, carrying with him an earnest exhortation from his adviser: "See here, Goat," the latter entreated, "when you strike to-[illegible] don't you forget that I made out Miss Heim that you was a hell Sunday school and act accordin'. And if I was you I'd lay low about her and not SAY every numbskull in Cody on to the game."

This advice was most excellent, but Lame Mort was aware it had not been followed when he reached Cody Thursday evening.

The prospective bridegroom, forgetting that he was a "hell Sunday school," had for two days lived up to his light socially with the effect of adding to the weakness in his knees, but subtracting from the faintness of his heart, until all Cody knew of the prospective arrival of a Heart and Hand bride. Ideas as to her appearance, however, were confused owing to the bridegroom's lapse of memory. The first evening of his arrival he swung lightly around the circle of saloons just "lookin' up old friends." After he had looked up a goodly number his lips unsealed on the subject of Olga Heim, whom he described as a "sweet little blond with true blue eyes, ivory skin and pink cheeks."

By noon of the following day she was a "handsome brunette with sparkling black eyes." At 6 o'clock, when the stage arrived at the Irma, Goat was sitting on the bar flourishing an empty glass and assuring a delighted audience that the lady of his choice was "a rosy brunette with white cheeks, sparkling hair and a true blue nose."

At this juncture the recitation was brought to an abrupt end by the entrance of Lame Mort. "You're a pretty bridegroom, ain't you?" he stormed wrathfully. "And me writin' to 801 that you're a sober, industrious citizen! Lord! You look it, don't you, and only two hours till train time!"

Whereupon, weighed down by a feeling of responsibility to the bride, Lame Mort took forcible possession of the erring groom, assuring the public that if would no more behold him until he was delivered safely—and as soberly as the limited time permitted—into the hands of Miss Heim. And the male public, except the justice, who reluctantly sat in his office awaiting his fee, were on the platform when the train came to see the arrival and incidentally to see how Goat would "brace up." Goat was there standing near the platform's edge just ahead of Lame Mort, ahead of him because the latter discerned symptoms of flight since Goat had been brought to a realization of the nearness of his fate. Only a strong steying hand prevented a sudden development of the symptoms as the train showed up and it was then was seen sinking her way down the side of the rear coach.

As she neared the door every man on the platform held his breath and craned his neck to secure as good a view as the one lantern swinging over the station door permitted. Lame Mort tightened his grip on Goat, preparatory to making of him a projectile headed toward the car steps the moment 801 appeared. But when she did appear he not only forgot his intentions, but the bridegroom as well, so transfixed was he by her appearance.

She swung down the car steps, a straight six feet of muscle surmounted by a man's hat of black felt with a broad, flapping brim drawn over her face. Hanging clear of a pair of heavy, thick soled half calf was a scant black skirt which seemed to impede the free movements of her limbs.

Her shoulders were loosely incased in a man's black coat buttoned to the chin over a high chest, the cuffs of the coat covering the hands of her sister. On her head with one hand she balanced a large bundle tied up in a red checkered tablecloth, the other hand bearing lightly a heavy, bulging telescope, strapped to which and extending far beyond were a hoe, a pitchfork and a shovel.

"Is there a Mr. Wilson here?" she asked in an uncertain voice, quite devoid of joyful anticipation.

The station agent, reduced to speechlessness, jerked his thumb over his shoulder at the platform, toward which Miss Heim courageously advanced. As she scanned the spectators they faded away in the darkness, and an instant later Lame Mort realized that Goat had also faded, and he stood alone before the deserted bride elect.

"Are you Mr. Wilson?" she asked in a distinctly forbidding tone, without looking up.

"No, ma'am," he faltered in confusion and alarm. "Goat—that is, Mr. Wilson, was here a minute ago, but—but—"

"Run away, did he?" interrupted the girl hopefully. "That's exactly what I counted on his doing."

Lame Mort was struck dumb by the unlooked for relief expressed in her words and in every line of her figure as she deposited her bundle on the edge of the platform, tossed her telescope after it with a vigorous swing, sat down on the buffer amid a jingle of the farming implements attached thereto, and, taking off her hat, ran her fingers through her short brown hair, glancing at her auditor for the first time.

"So this is the west," she remarked with sententious satisfaction, her lingering gaze swinging from the man to the limited space visible, but that the former object had aught to do with her satisfaction Lame Mort dared not conjecture.

Once, twice, he opened his mouth, essaying apologies for Goat, but finding none were expected, spat nervously instead, his eyes glued to Miss Heim's face.

It was a comely face, in which shone a curious mixture of the humorously shrewd and of a likable carelessness in surprising contrast to [illegible] cash. Her [illegible] Lancaster betrayed by a [illegible] in her speech as well as by the [illegible] eyes whose [illegible] blue [illegible] and [illegible] a twinkle that Lame Mort forgot the recalcitrant bridegroom also.

"I can't remember when I didn't want to come west," she continued slowly. "I've always had to work the farm home," with a downward glance at her coat, "but back there land ain't worth nothin'. I've always hankered to see what I could do with a homestead claim. But with father dead and the debts I never expected to have enough to come on till I run across the Heart and Hand. Then I see my way clear."

"You see your way clear!" repeated Lame Mort stupidly. Then, "Je-rusalem!" as her scheme began to dawn on him. But when it struck him in the quickness of its originality he beat his leg and roared speechlessly, while a series of equally delighted but subdued sounds behind him faintly stirred the night.

Miss Helm's eyes glittered and darted us, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her palms, she watched Lame Mort shrewdly. "Did you see what I put in that paper?" she asked.

He nodded. "Know it by heart."

"You see, I hadn't no intention of marryin' a man I'd never seen. Well, I've got other clothes in here"—she slapped the end of the telescope, and the hoe jingled against the rake—"but I always wear man's clothes doin' farm work, so I jist kept 'em on to come in, thinkin' that if Mr. Wilson was particular how his wife looked he'd run away. But when I see you," mulvely, "I wished I had the other duds on!"

Here she paused, and Lame Mort was aware of an unusual commotion in progress beneath his left ribs which interfered curiously with his breathing, blurring his vision and dulling his hearing.

"But he didn't wait to find out whether I intended to marry him or not," continued Miss Olga, the humor in her eyes overflowing and attacking the corners of her mouth. "So I look at it this way: I've done my part and he hain't done his, so I don't owe him anything for his expenses."

Lame Mort scratched his head and changed after one of the ideas which a frightened thought had but just displaced. The conjecture in his left chest was growing apace and increasing that shortness of breathing which shut out the murmurs of the world and floating out of the chaotic background.

"No, no!" he finally burst out. "You don't owe Goat a darn'tied cent on that hundred."

"Then you know all about it," interrupted Miss Helm in relief. "But I want to be fair, and here's this that's bothering me." She looked her hands around her knees. "I saved fifty of that by [illegible] right home on the train. Now, those that belong to him or me? I wonder," she interrupted herself hopefully, "how far he's run."

A voice behind them detached itself from the general eager murmur and answered unexpectedly: "Fifty mile by this time, jedgin' from the way he hiked out. He won't never be back for damages!"

This reply aroused Lame Mort to a realizing sense of the divers interested [illegible] shrouded cars, to escape the range of which he moved close to Miss Olga and sat down on a keg of mackerel. His late brilliant thought had taken complete possession of him.

"I can't see, Miss Heim," he began in so low a tone that a wave of indignation swept in on them from without the circle of light—"I can't see where anybody's been cheated in this exceptin'"—

"Who?" queried Miss Heim in alarm. "I didn't know there was any one else mixed up in it."

"It's the justice of the peace," solemnly. "He's waitin' to marry you to some one, and it ain't right to disappoint him." Lame Mort hesitated, choked, swallowed his heart, fished his voice up from a resounding vacuum, observed Miss Helm's reddening cheek and finished so boldly that his words penetrated the outer darkness. "And it don't make a bit of difference to him whether it's Goat or me."

"It makes a lot of difference to me," returned Miss Helm mildly, but promptly. "Where does the justice live?"

She arose and reached for her bundle, but Lame Mort gallantly stayed her hand, and [illegible] ment later the gloomy [illegible] resonnait with a stampede of departing footsteps. The male population of Cody were speeding away to prepare the justice for the change of program.

"SO THIS IS THE WEST," SHE REMARKED.

What a Dollar Dog Can Do.

A man in a nearby city bought for his wife and child a year ago a dog, for which he paid a dollar. It was obviously nothing wonderful in the canine way—merely a mongrel, with the bulldog strain predominant. The owner was a man in humble circumstances, and the dog in his modest dwelling was the principal asset aside from a few sticks of furniture. The other night Tom was tied to a leg of the kitchen sink, as usual, and the family went to bed. They were awakened by the dog at midnight scratching at his master's door. When his master came out to see what was the matter the dog, with a remnant of chewed rope hanging from his collar, whined and ran to the head of the stairway. The house was on fire, and shortly after woman and child and man and dog made their escape their poor dwelling was a mass of glowing embers. The owner of the dog has been urged to part with him for a large cash consideration; but, though he is penniless, he will not part with the four footed savior of his family. Neither has the dog at any time had thoughts of leaving them for luxurious kennels.—New York Times.

Slaves to the Servants.

"I am very tired," said the fashionably dressed woman. "I have been working dreadfully hard all day. Doing what? Why, seeing to my servants—working for them. Didn't you know that the more servants you have the harder you must work? Certainly I have to do all the shopping for my servants. I have to buy their uniforms, the caps and aprons of the maids, the clothing of the housekeeper, and have to see to the marketing, too—yes, and very often, in spite of the fact that I have a housekeeper. I must, or they will form a combine to rob me of everything I have. The housekeeper will get a raise of that will enable her to retire in a few years. Then perhaps it is I who must hunt a place as housekeeper for some one else. Oh, yes, if you want to keep your position as mistress of a household of a family you must keep hustling. You can't afford to let the grass grow under your feet to any great extent."—New York Press.

He Got a Hundred.

Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers. She went even further. She promised him that if he got good marks she would give him a whole dime all for his own. Sammy seemed impressed.

That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy.

"Oh, mother," he shouted, "I got a hundred!"

"Sammy!" cried his delighted mother. She hugged him and kissed him and petted him and—gave him the dime.

"And what did you get a hundred in?" she finally asked.

"In two things," replied Sammy without hesitation. "I got forty in readin' and sixty in spellin'."—Everybody's Magazine.

Trapping the Parson.

William Morris did not always get his jokes right end first. In a biography of her husband Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the ease with which he reversed them.

A dinner gathering had all been asking conundrums.

"Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burne-Jones.

Morris fell into the trap at once. "Abel!" he shouted.

Later in the day he came in laughing.

"I trapped the parson, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?'

"'Cain,' he said at once.

"'Ha!' I said. 'I knew you'd say that. Every one does.' I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the joke was."

Not Qualified.

Two men were getting warm over a simple difference of opinion.

They turned to the third man.

"Isn't a homemade strawberry shortcake better than a cherry pie?" demanded one of them.

"Isn't a homemade cherry pie better than any shortcake?" inquired the other.

The third man shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "I board."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Tripping Tongue.

"Henry Peck, you're a fool!"

"You didn't seem to think so when I was single."

"No, you never showed what a big fool you were until you married me."—Exchange.

Not an Umpire.

A clergyman startled his drowsy congregation the other day as follows: "My dearly beloved friends, permit me to remind you that I come here to preach, not to act as umpire in a snoring match."

The Explanation.

Fred—There seems to be a lot more fuss made of Miss A.'s singing than Miss K.'s, and I am sure Miss K. has by far the richer voice. Jack—Ah, yes, but Miss A. has by far the richer father.

Made Sure of the Pie.

A young girl who carried her dinner was observed to eat her pie first. When asked why, she replied, "Well, if there's anything left it won't be the pie, will it, now?"

Two Hits to Spare.

A baseball game was played in Topeka once between the married men and the bachelors.

A man named Flood came to bat. The pitcher put over a straight one, and Flood knocked the ball over the fence.

Instead of starting for first base Flood braced himself and stood stock still.

"Run, you idiot!" screamed the spectators. "Run! Why in blazes don't you run?"

"Run?" calmly queried Flood. "What would I run for? I've got two more clouts at it!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Grand Combination.

Roosevelt was returning from Africa.

"Let's give him three cheers and a tiger," suggested one of the reception committee. But the others thought it too tame, and as the mighty hunter stepped down the gangplank he was greeted with something like this:

"Hurray! Hurrah! Warthog! Warthog! Rah, rah, rah! Hippo! Rhino! Hartbeest! Giraffe! Crocodile! Rah, rah, rah!"—Chicago News.

Incompleteness.

While it's a curious chap,
As people all agree,
He always falls a little short
Of what he wants to be.
His getting clothes entitle him
To an enduring fame.
The only difficulty is
He doesn't know the game.

He has a handsome hunting rig,
But is afraid to shoot.
He only needs a touring car
To fit his auto suit.
But as his wardrobe grows, he says,
With confidence sublime:
"The most important part is clothes.
The rest will come in time."
—Washington Star.

"The Glass of Fashion."

Cholly—The deuce, old chap; I can't go to the party. I have no collah buttons.

Reggie—Go across the street and buy some, deah fellow.

Cholly—But I can't. Nobody has my measurements except my tailah, don't-cher-know.—Puck.

On the Job.

Miss Coy (at the garden party)—Let you kiss me? Certainly not! I've only known you an hour.

Mr. Hustler (looking at his watch)—Well, then, suppose I come around in an hour and a quarter.—Boston Transcript.

Ethel.

I paused to gaze in Ethel's eyes,
But quick she dropped her eyelids
I could not take her by surprise,
Indeed, not they were she lids.

I ceased to whisper words of love,
That caused the maid to tremble.
She was as timid as a dove.
Or did she but dissemble?

I learned too late it was an art—
That drooping of the eyelids.
In trembling she but played a part.
A snare was in those sly lids!
—Town Topics.

The Better Way.

First Boston Child—Do you believe in corporal punishment?

Second Boston Child—No; I can usually make my parents do what I wish by moral suasion.—New York Life.

A Strange Possibility.

With machines to save talking
And working and walking,
We find that this planet so small
Is run by the lover,
And human endeavor
Will not be considered at all.
—Washington Star.

A Milder Form.

Willis—What do you suppose was the origin of war?

Gillis—Some well meaning genius probably invented it with the hope that it would supplant football.—Puck.

The Retort Courteous.

"Your hat's a peach basket upside down!"
In scathing tones he cried.
"Of course," she said, without a frown,
"For the peach must be inside!"
—Judge.

In a Big Hurry.

Benham—I believe in taking time by the forelock.

Mrs. Benham—I notice that you tear a sheet off the calendar before the month is over.—New York Press.

Ways and Things.

It's never too late to mend, they say,
Which is most always true.
Sometimes it's best to throw away,
However, and buy new.
—Boston Herald.

Where?

Visiting Stranger—It's curious what a strong hold this sport of baseball has on the—

Fan—It isn't a sport. It's long drawn out agony!—Chicago Tribune.

No Picnicker.

He had to shun the cool retreat
And hold aloof from rustic scenes
Because he could not learn to eat
Hard tack and olives and sardines.
—Washington Star.

Rather.

Seven-year-old Elsie ran up to her mother saying: "Mamma, Gertrude just said, 'I ain't, neither.' That's pretty poor geography, isn't it?"—Puck.

Celerity.

The ocean liners go so fast,
Such is the builders' art,
You're over there and back again
Before you really start.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Jewett Understood.

Hewitt—I like to hear that fellow talk.

Jewett—He is always asking somebody to have a drink, that's a fact.

Sensible.

The perfume manufacturer
On saving was intent.
He made a million dollars, and
He made it scent by scent.
—New York Press.

George III. and the Wigmakers.

When George III. ascended the throne of England his wealthy subjects were beginning to leave off wigs and to appear in their own hair, "if they had any." As the sovereign was himself one of the offenders, the perruke makers, who feared a serious loss of trade, prepared a petition in which they prayed his majesty to be graciously pleased to "shave his head" for the good of distressed workmen and wear a wig, as his father had done before him.

When the petitioners walked to the royal palace, however, it was noticed that they wore no wigs themselves. As this seemed unfair to the onlookers they seized several of the leading professionists and cut their hair with any implement that came most readily to hand.

From this incident arose a host of various caricatures. The wooden leg makers were said to have especial claims on the king's consideration, inasmuch as the confiscation of justice had deprived them of a profitable source of employment; hence the suggestion that his majesty should not only wear a wooden leg himself, but enjoin the people to follow his laudable example.

As Others See Us.

"The man who can pick out the best picture of himself is a rare bird," said a photographer. "Even an author, who is reputedly a poor judge of his own work, exercises vast wisdom in selecting his best book compared with the person who tries to choose his best photograph. Every famous man or woman who has been photographed repeatedly has his or her favorite picture. Usually it is the worst in the collection. It shows him or her with an unnatural expression, sitting or standing in an unnatural attitude. The inability to judge of his best picture must be due to the average man's ignorance of how he really looks, or perhaps it can be partly attributed to a desire to look other than he does. A stout man will swear that the photograph most nearly like him is the one that makes him look stout, the solemn man selects the direst picture, the jovial man the most grievous.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Famous Quotation.

A story about Keats is quoted by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson in his "Lives of Disciples of Aesculapius." Mr. Stephens, a friend of the doctor, suggested him that one evening at twilight when he and Keats were sitting together in their student days, Stephens at his medical books, Keats engrossed in his dreaming, Keats called out to his friend that he had composed a new line—"A thing of beauty is a constant joy."

"What think you of that, Stephens?"

"It has the true ring, but is wanting in some way," replies the latter as he dips once more into his medical studies.

An interval of silence, and again the poet, "'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' What think you of that, Stephens?"

"That it will live forever."

A happy prophecy indeed!

The Forests on the Niger.

The insects of Africa are expert disease carriers, and they come in such numbers on the Niger that one hardly dares to use one's lamp or go too near a light of any sort at night. These forests on the Niger are deadly places for all their haunting attraction and take a big toll both of European and native life. Yet the first three days on the Niger, with all its sand and its smell and its mangrove flies and its frogs and its crickets, are enough to give the newcomer an inkling of the drawing power, the fascination, of what is probably the most unhealthy country in the world.—W. B. Thompson in Blackwood's.

Dodging a Slander.

During a suit for slander brought in an Ohio town one of the parties was asked by the presiding magistrate:

"Is it true, as alleged, that you declared that Thomas Mulkins had stolen your pocketbook?"

"Your honor," responded the man, "I did not go so far as that. I merely said that if Mulkins had not assisted me in looking for the pocketbook I might have found it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Before and After.

She was a frivolous, fashionable young woman with beaux galore, but one man with only a small income seemed to be the favorite.

"You'll have to work hard before you win that girl," said his mother.

"And a good deal harder after you win her," answered his father, who knew what he was talking about.

His Poems.

"May I offer you this little gift, Fraulein Kate?"

"Excuse me—I never take presents from men."

"But it is only a copy of my book of poems."

"In that case I will accept. I thought it was something valuable."—Fliegende Blatter.

The Place For It.

An old Scotswoman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

The Shake.

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?"

"I shook my head."

"Sideways or up and down?"—Boston Transcript.

There is no piety in keeping an unjust promise.—German Proverb.

HANGED HERSELF IN ATTIC OF HER HOME.

(Continued from first page.)

I have prayed and struggled constantly to be delivered from the terrible burdens that have been visited upon me year after year, growing heavier and as shock after shock, as the time creeps on. Alone with the fear Father, with His strength to uphold and keep me all these years, have I met the foes and been crushed to the very earth, until endurance has reached its extreme limit. However terrible the step may be or seem, I am taking it, trusting in His forgiveness and mercy; rather than live to endure what must be the agonizing years stretched out before me. He knows whether I am criminal in taking it or responsible, for He knows all, and every trial. No human mind can comprehend the condition, unless it has suffered it.

Remember me in mercy, and give me a kindly thought in remembrance.

M. E. R."

In the death of Mrs. Richmond this community loses one of its most estimable women; one who has spent a long life in doing good for others; a woman who, no matter what her sufferings were, was always cheerful and pleasant in the society of her friends. She was tireless in her work of uplifting the unfortunate and in giving tender care and attention to the sick. She was ever liberal in her gifts to the poor and needy, although not exceedingly rich in the world's goods. She was an active worker in the W. C. T. U. in fact the very life of the local organization for many years past has been principally due to her constant efforts. Although not a member of any church she has been a devout Christian in spirit all her life and her last hours on earth were evidently spent in asking forgiveness for her final act on this earth.

Mrs. Richmond was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Curtis. She was born in Keating township, on the old Curtis farm, about 68 years ago and has always lived in this place. She was united in marriage to Frank O. Richmond, who died here about two years ago. They never had any children and her nearest living relative is a cousin who lives in Des Moines.

The funeral services were held at her late home on Saturday morning at 10:30 o'clock, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke of St. Luke's church, and Rev. W. A. Harris of the Methodist Episcopal church, officiating, and her remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

In Memoriam.

The following tribute to Mrs. M. E. Richmond was read by Mrs. H. L. McCoy at the regular meeting of the Travellers' Club on Saturday and is published as an expression of sympathy from the Club to the friends of the deceased and of regret for the deplorably sad circumstances of her death.

"It is with hearts full of pain that we meet this afternoon, strongly impressed with the thought of our mortality.

"Two of our oldest and best-known residents have been this day gathered to their fathers. Their faces were as familiar to us as our native hillsides, and our winding streams. They spent their lives among us. One, whose quiet life was passed in the unobtrusive discharge of home duties ended her days in peace, surrounded by family and friends and soothed by the loving care of sons and daughters. The other life ended in utter desolation and loneliness.

"Of the latter we would fain say a few words in memoriam. Mrs. M. E. Richmond was a charter member of the Travellers' Club and was its first President, chosen by its founders because of her bright and well stored mind and for her strong personality. A few of us can remember her as an attractive and intelligent girl, the idol of her upright and self-respecting parents, whose well appointed home was the very ideal of abundant and hearty hospitality. We look back on those old days as upon a sweet old book of pastoral tales.

"She had a remarkable personality and the impression that her bright but unhappy life has made upon us will be made indelible. She will never be forgotten. So strong and unyielding was she in her convictions, so replete with energy, so full of good impulses. She was a good neighbor and gave of herself willingly, caring for the sick, relieving suffering in whatever form she found it, visiting with wholesome sympathy, the house of mourning. We have all known her in these vocations in the many years she has gone in and out among us. But her strong nature rebelled at the disillusionment and sorrow which the years brought and in seeking, perhaps too intently, for earthly happiness and content, she missed the peace which a settled determination to make the best of the tangled web and woof of life, may bring.

"We may well say with Whittier—that gentlest poet of the inner life—

"'O heart, sore tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself can give thee,—rest.
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
And many a poor one's blessing wears
With thee beneath the low, green turf,
Whose curtain never outward swings.'"

Some Curious Weathercocks.

The weathercock had its origin at a very early date. Marcus Vitruvius Pollio, a noted Roman architect and engineer, who was born about 80 B. C., in his works calls a vane a triton, probably because in his time it had the form of a triton. The usual form on towers, castles and secular buildings was that of a banner, but on ecclesiastical buildings it was a representation of the male of the barnyard fowl. There have been other forms of vane. The one over St. Peter's, Cornhill, London, is in the shape of a key; that over St. Mildreth's church is a gilt ship under full sail. The grasshopper of the Royal Exchange, London, is the vane that formerly surmounted the former exchange. The dragon on the spire of Bow church, Cheapside, is another celebrated vane. One of Mother Shipton's prophecies was that when the dragon of Bow church and the grasshopper of the Royal Exchange should meet the streets of London would be deluged with blood. In what way they should meet the old dame did not explain, but it is known that at one time these two vanes were side by side in the yard of a stonemason in Old Street road, yet there was no shedding of blood.—London Answers.

Foote and the Lawyers.

Being on an excursion into his native county, Samuel Foote happened to meet with a simple minded farmer, who, having just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was full of complaints about the great expense of a country funeral, instancing the amount he had spent on scarfs, hatbands, carriages, etc.

"Why," asked Foote, "do you mean to say that you bury your attorneys in this part of the country?"

"To be sure!" said the puzzled farmer. "What else should we do?"

"Oh, we never do that in London."

"Really! What, then, do you do with them?"

"Why, when one happens to die we lay him out in a room by himself overnight, lock the door, open the window, and in the morning he is gone."

"Extraordinary!" cried the other in amazement. "What becomes of him?"

"Oh, that we can't exactly tell," replied Foote solemnly, "All we know is there's a strong smell of brimstone in the rooms the next morning."—"Wits, Beaux and Beauties of the Georgian Era."

The Breeches Bible.

One of the books which a bibliomaniac handles reverently is the famous Geneva Bible, better known as the "Breeches Bible." This name is due to the rendering of Genesis iii, 7, where Adam and Eve are said to have "sewed fig tree leaves together and made themselves breeches." This had been the reading of the first English Bible, Wycliffe's version, but later translators had substituted the word "apron" for "breeches," and the Geneva Bible reverted to the original. The fact that only one edition of the Geneva version contained this sentence makes the limited number more precious to the book gatherer. The title page of this edition announces that it was "imprinted at London by the deputies of the queene's most excellent majestie" in 1560. The first edition appeared in 1550, and for sixty years this was the favorite Bible with the people, who reluctantly laid it aside for the authorized version in 1611.

The Same Dimensions.

The bride-to-be had the air of one who is unreconciled to the existing state of affairs. "Can't we take a wedding trip, as we planned?" she asked plaintively.

"Not just now," said the young man, "on account of my partner's illness."

"I thought it would be such fun, taking that six days' journey in the cars!" she sighed.

"Well, now, see here," said the young man, "if we take the flat I looked at yesterday it'll be just the same as living in the parlor car stateroom, except that the scenery won't change."—Youth's Companion.

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QUEER HOSPITALITY.

A Curious Experience in the Wilds of Arabia.

Of the curious ideas of hospitality held by some of the natives of that wild country lying between Bagdad and Damascus two travelers, Captain Butler and Captain Aylmer, tell in the Geographical Magazine. While dining with Feysul Ibn Rushid, a minor ruler in Arabia, sitting in a low room, the roof of which was supported by wooden pillars. All round the sides of the room were spread carpets, on which sat his visitors and members of his court. He is a man of thirty-three years, with a dark, pointed beard, good, regular features, but eyes that are cold and cruel, and he has a nervous, feminine manner and was all the time arranging his robes (cloak) and combing and curling his mustache and beard and admiring himself in a small, cheap looking glass that hung just behind him. Above his head on the wall hung his silver mounted walking stick and a sword, the sheath of which was also covered in silver. He was very richly dressed.

"On our arrival at the house placed at our disposal we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in having such a cordial welcome, but we were speedily disillusioned. We had not been there more than five minutes when Feysul's head slave, a richly dressed personage, called Dahim, came to tell us that the emir would not take our camels of our money as he had plenty of both, but that he would like things of European make or of interest that we happened to have. This was only too true and during our five days' stay there there was a continual procession of slaves and hangers on from the castle demanding things for the emir and his viziers and favorites and demanding them in such a way that it was impossible for us to refuse. At last we had practically nothing of any value left, having been divested of watches, revolver, compass, various clothes and other articles of our kit.

"Apart from this system of more or less polite robbery we were well treated by the emir and had our food sent us from the castle by him. About three or four times a day we had a royal command from him and used to go up to the castle and drink many cups of coffee and excellent sweet tea with him and talk about his country and Europe. He was always very genial on these occasions, and I honestly think he considered he was treating us very well in not taking all we had and turning us adrift to die in the desert."

RHEUMATISM.

One Course of Treatment For the Cure of the Disease.

To cure rheumatism it is necessary to rid the system of the excess of uric acid, and to do this a proper diet is even more important than the use of drugs, though in very severe cases the latter are not to be despised in conjunction with the dieting that is absolutely essential.

The Massachusetts General hospital of Boston allows the following diet for its rheumatic patients: Graham or brown bread, white bread limited to one-half slice daily, corn, rice, milk, eggs, flour puddings, crackers, beans, peas, all kinds of vegetables, except potatoes, tomatoes and asparagus, rhubarb, fresh fish, butter, cheese, buttermilk, cream, alkaline waters and toast. Avoid red meats, starch or potatoes, white bread and sugars.

The sensible use of water both internally and externally plays a large part in the prevention or cure of rheumatism. One or two glasses, either hot or cold, taken before breakfast every morning is excellent to start the organs of digestion for the day, and at least one glass should be taken between meals. Often the plain water will be enough to move a slightly constipated person, but if not a mild medicated water may be taken instead. It is very essential to keep the bowels open in cases of rheumatism.

Uric acid in the system is a poison, and it must not be forgotten that poisonous waste matter is also eliminated through the skin. The pores of the skin must be kept freely open and not allowed to become clogged if we hope to obtain the best results with rheumatic cases. A hot bath at bedtime is often very helpful.—Delineator.

Maddening Snuff.

On the Amazon river several Indian tribes use snuff, called pareca, which is made of the seeds of a species of plant. When a bout of snuff taking is determined on the people become highly intoxicated and then use the snuff. The effect of pareca is so violent that the taker drops as if shot and lies insensible for some time. Those more accustomed to it are highly excited, dancing and singing as if mad. The effect soon subsides. Other tribes use it to repel ague during the wet season.

Plenty to Do Them.

"Remember that you can't do everything with money."

"Oh, I know that. But the things you can't do with money are being done by so many other people that there's no reason why one should want to do them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sightseeing.

"How did you manage to see everything in Rome inside of two days?"

"Well, you see, we got up early, my wife went to the shops, my daughter to the picture galleries, and I took in the restaurants. In the evening we compared notes."—Fliegende Blatter.

Contradictory.

"There is safety in numbers," quoted the wise guy.

"Yes, until you discover that too many cooks spoil the broth," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

ODD JOBS ON WARSHIPS.

Many Ways For the Bluejackets to Make Extra Money.

The possible methods of making extra money on shipboard are manifold. "Tailorizing" is one of the most profitable. While a ship's tailor is detailed to most of our ships, his duties are limited to making emergency alterations in the uniforms which are issued to the members of the crew. Many enlisted men own sewing machines, upon which they do repair work, and they also do odd jobs for officers, such as pressing and cleaning. A handy man with the needle can also make a handsome sum by doing fancy work. Some of the most delicate embroidery work has been done by enlisted men.

The ship's barber also makes a comfortable living in addition to his regular pay, and the distribution of prizes at target practice enriches the coffers of the gun crew by a considerable sum. Men who are detailed to duty on board submarine boats are allowed an additional $5 a month and, besides $1 a day for every day the boat is submerged. Bluejackets detailed as signalmen, as cockswains of power boats or in charge of holds are allowed extra pay. A crew messman receives $3 a month for performing that somewhat menial function, and the man who is not ashamed to "take in washing" can easily double his navy pay. Every bluejacket is expected to perform the laundering himself, but there are always men who prefer to pay for having the service done.

One of the novel methods of earning an honest penny is for a man with a descriptive knack—usually a yeoman—to prepare an interesting letter upon the cruise of the ship or some of the strange ports visited, the honors paid the vessel, the entertainments offered and describing the customs of the inhabitants. These letters are manifolded and sold to the members of the crew for 50 cents to $1 a copy—and usually cheap at that. The parents or relatives of the author buy thus are kept informed of his adventures and experiences and he is relieved of a task that is irksome to most boys.—John R. Cox in National Magazine.

STAR GAZING.

The Study of the Constellations as a Pastime.

Probably every dweller in the city has admired the beauty of a starlight night. A little natural observation on such a night will show that the brighter stars may be divided into groups or "constellations," as the astronomers call them, most of which are known by the names of animals or legendary persons, such for example as "the Great Bear," "the Swan," "Hercules," "Andromeda," etc. The easiest method of learning these "constellations" is from some one already acquainted with them, but if the beginner is not fortunate enough to know any such person the majority can be learned from any cheap star maps such as are sometimes contained in almanacs.

Now, if the budding astronomer will notice the position of any of these groups or constellations at a particular hour of any night and then look a few hours afterward he will see that during the interval the stars which appeared low down in the east have risen to the south in a somewhat similar manner to the apparent motion of the sun and moon, while closer attention on several evenings will show a circular or rotary movement around the north pole of the heavens, the motion being the opposite way to the hands of a clock.

Near the north pole is a bright star called the "Pole star." This star is easily found when the observer has once noted the seven bright stars of the "Great Bear," the two outer stars of the four forming the "square known as the "pointers" point almost directly to the Pole star. This majestic movement of the stars around the pole of the heavens is a most sublime and wonderful sight.—Country Side.

The Shorter Word.

The day before Christmas Edith, aged ten, had a number of packages tied up for distribution. The doctor felt of one intended for "Uncle John"—and the rest is as the New York Sun prints it.

"That's some tobacco," said the doctor, as he fingered the package.

"How can you tell?" asked Edith.

"Because I am a good diagnostician," he replied.

Then, as Edith seemed somewhat dazed at the big word, the doctor inquired:

"Do you know what a diagnostician is?"

"Yes," she answered promptly. "It's a good guesser."

He Took the Cake.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's wuss t'ings dan gold bricks."

"What's happened?"

"De lady up de road said dat if I'd chop an armful of wood she'd gimme a cake."

"Didn't she keep her word?"

"Yep. She handed me a cake of soap."—Washington Star.

When It Started.

"Captain, what time does the boat start?"

"It starts, madam, when I give the word."

"Then I've always had the wrong idea. I thought it started when the engineer pulled a lever or did something. Thank you ever so much."—Chicago Tribune.

The Banyan Tree.

A regiment of 1,000 men could readily find shelter under a single banyan tree. In India there is one of these trees which has 400 main trunks and over 8,000 smaller ones.

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The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story.

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